THE COMMONWEAL

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NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE

IS IT merely fanciful to see as a great symbol the fact that the New Year begins on a Sunday? Is it merely a coincidence? Or is there a providential meaning in it which, if realized, is—or may be made—of tremendous importance?

At any rate, the present writer, impressed by the coincidence, made a special preparation for the Mass of Sunday, January 1, 1933. It consisted of three parts: one strictly personal; the second, the reading and (so far as he is competent to carry out so high an exercise of the mind and the soul) a meditation on the progress of the liturgical Preparation for Mass; the third part being, so to speak, professional. For, being required to write something for this page on the subject of the New Year, and anxious to avoid, if possible, being merely platitudinous, he put aside the Missal, and made the rest of his preparation for the New Year's Mass by reading what other journalists have recently been telling their Catholic readers in the pages of their respective journals. These journals are the *Month*, the organ of the English Jesuits; *Blackfriars*, published by the English Dominicans; and *America*, the weekly journal of our American Jesuits.

In *Blackfriars*, for December, the reverend editor—apparently new to his post, and writing his own preparation for the battles ahead of him—refers to the first editorial of the first editor of *Blackfriars*, Father Bernard Delany, in which Father Delany "spoke diffidently of himself but confidently of his ideals. 'We shall try,' he said, 'to tell relevant truths, and insist on those truths that are either unknown or neglected or in danger of being forgotten.' He claimed that *Blackfriars* 'should not be looked upon as an intruder . . . one does not intrude on a battlefield.' You would have known," the new editor interpolates, "that it was an Irishman who wrote that." After which he goes on with his own remarks, being, like Father Delany before him, "not unmindful of the perilous nature of our enterprise."

In summary, he says what is common knowledge to other editors everywhere in Christendom—in Germany as well as in England, in Ireland equally as in America—namely, that while the Pope is calling on the Catholic laity for action, to apply the principles which he proclaims "with which to meet the present troubles of the age," the Catholic laity is not responding in any measure commensurate with the peril that faces the Church. There is lip service. But there is no effective

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action. "Principles are of faith," says *Blackfriars,* "policies are of action. The Pope calls for action; at the present moment no single Catholic body of laymen has been moved to unfold a program. Why? It is dangerous to lay down a policy today? There is the danger that by so doing you may divide the Catholic body? Believe us when we say that there is a greater danger in doing nothing, and that the Catholic body is already divided. The Catholic youth of the industrial cities and of the farm lands, because it has failed to receive any other leadership, goes by the hundreds into the Communist ranks. Perhaps this will leaven Communism with some faith? Maybe, but in the meantime these thousands are lost to us, and lost to us because we have been afraid. . . . We challenge the Catholic laity to come and lead us as the Pope would have us led—after the teaching he has given us and in submission to the bishops set over us to hold us to the Faith."

Father Keating, in the December *Month,* treats at length what the Dominican editor trenchantly epitomizes. He calls his article, "The Church Dormant." There is no effective Catholic Action because Catholics are sleeping, not working their way, in the Ship of Peter. "To qualify for the ranks of the Church Dormant, one need not be wholly reprobate. That division of the Church includes, indeed, those who have denied the Faith . . . who are Catholics only in name, but whose retention of the name brings on it shame and discredit. These nominal Catholics are indeed asleep, however multiplied and intense be their secular activities, for their eyes are closed to the true spiritual values. But they are, let us hope, few in comparison to the hosts whose Catholicity, genuine enough, is only partially realized, who . . . have let themselves be conformed to this world to such an extent that they do not react, as Christians should, to the sin and sorrow of earth. This Church Dormant is a tremendous handicap on the religious purposes of the Church Militant. . . . Just as, in the present breakdown of the modern industrial system, those who work and produce wealth are bowed down with the support of multitudes who cannot earn their living, so the army of the genuine faithful is always hampered and opposed and discredited and overburdened not only by the existence of those who have given up Catholic practices, the real apostates, but even more by the legions of the half-baked and weak-kneed, those whom de Mun used politely to call 'honorary Catholics.' "

Catholicity, Father Keating goes on to say, was overthrown in Spain and Mexico, primarily because of the lassitude and indifference of the Church Dormant —even as the Church suffered in the Reformation and in many European countries in the wake of the French Revolution. "So it has always been. The contrast between the profession of a religion of justice and brotherly love, and the actual acquiescence in a system of cruel selfishness and pride, must needs provoke the rejection of a faith which seems to have no connection with good works, the uprooting of a tree the apparent fruits of which are so manifestly evil. The bad Catholic is even a greater enemy of the Church than the unbeliever."

Let us turn now to Father Parsons, editor of *America.* He, too, has spoken in terms similar to those quoted above, and so have other writers in *America.* (Yes, and so, too, has Father Gillis, in the *Catholic World,* and Father Harold, of the *Sign*, and the editors of practically all our Catholic periodicals.) But Father Parsons has gone farther in the right direction than most—for he not only points to the danger signals, he has laid down at least the foundation planks for a platform of practical action. A policy, not merely a sermon, or an editorial of general statements. It was published in *America* for December 10, under the title of "A Plan for Articulate Laymen." It is, we think, the clearest, most complete and workable program of a policy for Catholic lay action that so far has been laid before the laity.

Well, fellow laymen, what shall we do about it? Are we of the Church Dormant, or not? Are we to lead the clergy in that way defined by the reverend editor of *Blackfriars*, or are we going to stand by while a small group of priests wear themselves out in efforts to awaken us from our slothful stupidity? (For we are stupid as well as sleepy, if we do not heed these voices. For our personal as well as our social ruin is at hand, in addition to the damage done to the Church, if we do not bestir ourselves.)

These are the questions which the present writer drew from the matter studied by him in making his preparation for the Mass on New Year's Day. He ventures to propose them also, for a similar purpose, to all his fellow Catholics of the Church Dormant— for few there are of us who in one way or another does not belong to that doleful group. If we can answer them aright, how great will be the meaning of the prayers of the Mass of that first day of the year 1933! The prayer, for example (the Gradual), which assures us that "the Lord hath made known His salvation: He hath revealed His justice in the sight of the Gentiles." Or the prayer of the Offertory: "Justice and judgment are the preparation of thy throne." Yes, God reveals his justice: but if men are blind to it, how shall it avail? If religion is only a Sunday affair, of churchgoing, and sermons, and conventionality, and mediocre respectability—if Sunday's meaning does not permeate every day in the year—there can be no Catholic Action. So far as our own epoch is concerned, the year 1933, we believe, will be the turning point. Let us quit the Church Dormant and at least enter into the fellowship of the Church of the living Christ.

P.S. As we go to press, there comes great news from Rome. Nineteen thirty-three has been proclaimed a Holy Year by God's Vicar on earth, the Pope. It is a call to Christendom commensurate with the gravity of the crisis in its affairs. Our own feeble speculations are displaced by glorious certainties of positive action.

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WEEK BY WEEK

MR. HOOVER has virtually abdicated as the spokesman for America on the war debt problem, and Mr. Roosevelt has plainly refused to deal with the situation prior to March 4. That leaves two months during which nothing important will be done concerning an issue of the most vital significance. For more reasons than one, we sincerely regret these developments. It will be impossible to tell where deflation is going to take us—and therefore impossible to bolster up the "confidence" upon which business recovery depends—until the world knows how war indebtedness with tremendous economic and political implications is to be disposed of. Forecasting the Democratic point of view is virtually pure guess work. From what has been publicly hinted, however, we infer that the basis of the convictions of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers is a resolve to uphold by every possible means the validity of existing international agreements. Promises to pay made during the war era were such agreements and remain in force. Therefore they must be respected. Changing them will necessitate making compensatory arrangements which will exchange war debt payments for trade advantages or something of the kind. Thus the nations involved will avoid giving the impression that debts can be abrogated, or other treaties nullified, by any sort of bamboozling. Yet there are times when a nation favored by an agreement can generously, for its own good as well as for the benefit of others, modify an agreement. In our opinion one of these opportunities has been missed.

War Debts and the Interim

CERTAINLY the latest report by the Internal Revenue Bureau on incomes in the United States will furnish a mine of information for our social theorists who depend on more than fancy. Vast tides in the circulation of money are indicated which need careful analysis. Here we can indicate only certain outstanding features and point to the value of these revenue reports for competent social planners. Beginning at the top we find that in 1931, the year studied, there were in our rich country only seventy-five persons with incomes of over $1,000,000 a year. In the year preceding there had been exactly twice as many, and in 1929 there were 513 with incomes of over $1,000,000 a year. Speculative profits for 1931 amounted to $283,000,000 while in 1929 they reached an all-time record of $2,240,000,000. Losses deducted from income-tax returns on the basis of speculation, amounted in 1931 to $1,044,000,000, whereas in 1929 they were $662,000,000. In other words, last year there was a net loss of $760,000,000, while in 1929 there was a net profit of $1,578,000,000 from sales of real estate, stocks and bonds held less than two years, operations distinguished by the Bureau as speculative. The simple juxtaposition of these figures here, we believe, gives a striking enough picture without need for comment other than that they are of such staggering proportions that a little deliberate contemplation of them is necessary in order to grasp their significance.

Our Wealth

CORPORATE income was the lowest since pre-war years, and more than half of the corporations making returns showed deficits. Much as this is a travesty of the proper function of productive enterprise, it should be borne in mind that last year's losses are more than compensated by previous years of gain. Obviously, however, such fierce swings in the fiscal tides are destructive and there should be intelligent attempts to control them. In 1931 over 400,000 corporations filed reports which showed that 171,000 had some net income while 270,000 had no net income. The net deficit of corporations was $3,000,000,000 in 1931, the total deficit of corporations without net income being almost exactly double the net income of firms showing a profit. In 1929, however, the net corporation income was $12,000,000,000. This is a pretty straight dose of statistics but they are of historic significance and should, we believe, be inserted now in the record of THE COMMONWEAL'S account of contemporary affairs. We regret that the figures on individual incomes are too complicated to be digested in any brief form. They show that there was a salutary distribution of the greatest part of the national income to those persons whose incomes are in the lower brackets. This is true also of small business concerns as compared with the big. In short, the distribution advocated by social theorists is already in large measure being accomplished in the United States; therefore we have the social and the economic and the political machinery for achieving even a better order of things without recourse to radical, or destructive, measures.

Mr. Cram and Palma

MANY persons are reputed to have fallen in love with Mallorca and its capital city, but few have done so more thoroughly or sincerely than Mr. Ralph Adams Cram. As might be expected, it is the cathedral which gets most of his admiration. "It is," he declares, "one of the most astoundingly original designs in existence and beyond question the work of one of the greatest masters of the middle ages." These words are quoted from a recent illustrated monograph, "The Cathedral of Palma de Mallorca," which the Mediaeval Academy of America (loyal supporter of Mr. Cram in the discovery and laudation of Palma's great church) has just published. Such structures can hardly be described adequately in words, and yet the following manages excellently to be concrete and suggestive: "It is the general view of the cathedral, looking east, either down the main aisle or diagonally from the sides, that reveals the originality of the whole conception. The vast and lofty nave is even more open and spacious in effect than Seville, or any Gothic church in the North. It is a forest of silvery

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columns that open out into vaults without the interruption of conventional capitals, with, beyond, long ranges of vaulted chapels. The choir is, to the apex of its vault, only two-thirds of the height of the nave vault, leaving above an eastern wall in which is set one of the largest rose windows in the world, thirty-eight feet in diameter, and filled, not with Gothic tracery, but with a Moorish geometrical pattern in stone, with the penetrations cusped and filled with a mosaic of brilliant colored glass in kaleidoscopic effect and without figured design." One need only add that the excellent photographs and drawings prepared under Mr. Cram's direction complement, though they do not surpass, the evocative power of his words.

NOW there are several good reasons why this monograph, which of course is not the first to have been written in praise of a Gothic cathedral, deserves especial attention. First, it testifies to the continuing delight and inspiration which an American mind can derive from the discovery of great European masterpieces. Mr. Cram has known many fine churches, and yet here he is enjoying a new sight with all the enthusiasm of youth. This experience seems typical and tends to emphasize one adventure peculiarly open to us of the New World—a joy in the finding of the Old, which is no barrier to but rather an incentive toward creative activity. We can build farther than tradition because tradition is still for us an immensely living thing. Second, Mr. Cram speculates to good advantage concerning the builder of Palma cathedral, who evidently responded to the will of Dom Jaime, conqueror of the Mallorca Moslem, to build on the site of Moorish magnificence a structure that would embody the greatest expression of the Christian West. He thinks the first architect drew up a strikingly original design, which a later genius then took up and carried to its ultimate monumental conclusion. If this hypothesis is correct, it is further testimony to the curious creative power of the middle ages—curious in this respect, that artists were capable of fidelity to the purposes of their predecessors without subservience. But these random reflections, and others which might be associated with them, are designed to be no more than an incentive to secure this fascinating monograph and with its help go on a meditative tour of one's own. We pay our respects meanwhile to the Mediaeval Academy for having brought to a successful conclusion another of its many projects.

SOME years ago when a collegian wanted to emphasize the trivialty of something that was being said, he used the expression "rats." Rats are anything but trifles however. We emphasized some weeks ago a case where under particularly sad circumstances a child died from rat bite. As a matter of fact there is a specific rat bite fever studied particularly by the French, besides fatal or very serious septic conditions that develop after rat bite because rats eat offal of various kinds and their teeth are likely to carry and transmit infectious material. Here is an ever-constant menace to health and even to life in crowded tenement houses. It was calculated some years ago in connection with the rat-proofing of certain of our Southern and Western cities against the danger of the development of bubonic plague from rat fleas, which are the special carrier for this pandemic disease, that we had as many rats in this country as there were human inhabitants. This might seem an exaggeration but the authority was the United States Public Health Service, rather noted for conservatism in the matter of disease and not likely to be wrong on a subject of this kind which is within its particular scope.

Rats

RATS are said to eat one-twenty-fifth as much as human beings, and it is thought that they spoil for human consumption nearly as much in foodstuffs as they eat because, and very rightly, people refuse to eat food materials that bear marks of having been nibbled at by rats or been run across by them. Like the fly the rat cannot be taught to wipe its feet before entering the food closet. Both of them are likely to be associated with all sorts of filth before finding their way to human food supplies. Here is surely an opportunity for the working out of an important problem in human health. There is no doubt that if a definite well-organized effort were made, most of the rats in this country could be eradicated. Surely there never was a better time to do this than at the present moment. We could give employment to a great many men and save a great deal of very valuable food material that is much needed in our day for hungry human beings but is now utterly wasted. If the death of the little girl which touched so many hearts could be made the signal for a crusade that would rid us to a great extent of the rodents that are such a danger to health, then that child's life would not have been given in vain.

Only in New York

WE ARE told that an admirable book has been published entitled "The Real New York," which tells the reader where definite desiderata not apparent to the casual observer of the metropolis, may be found: restaurants for this esoteric mood or that exotic taste, snake-renting shops, and so on. Our book, when we get around to writing it, will be called from the caption of this modest paragraph, and will deal (less usefully to a possible reader, but even more satisfyingly to us) with the unpredictable, often lovable, specially flavored things that happen here. That is the real New York, as O. Henry suspected. Only in New York, we think, could you see—as we have seen with these bodily eyes—a full fire-department contingent, with pulsing engines, great tubes of hose, stacks of ladders and a company of firemen, waiting

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below while two of the company members, fully accoutered in suits and helmets, put out a blazing third-story awning with a teakettle. Only in New York would you, after limping every day for a week past a group of pick-swingers in one of the city's eternal excavations, suddenly be accosted by one of them appearing from his hole at your very chilblains with the sympathetic query: "And how are the feet today?" Only in New York could you behold a sight like the one still green in our memory: emergency snow-shovelers, swathed in what were evidently all the overcoats and mufflers they could muster, falling to upon the heaped-up mounds in a side street; and approaching them with determination in his eye and a knapsack on his back, a peddler, not of coffee or hot dogs, but (as the samples he dangled temptingly proclaimed) checked cotton spring caps. Only in New York would you see, on the night of December 21, a business man and two assistants working furiously to erect a long refreshment counter behind a Broadway plate-glass window, while letters of light outside already proclaimed (Congress having voted beer that afternoon) "Ale Rail." It is thus that the least sophisticated city in the world writes her autobiography, and it is for these things we love her.

Addendum et Corrigendum

A LETTER from the Woman Patriot Corporation regarding our recent paragraph on their challenge to Professor Einstein is too long to print, but may be summarized fairly, we think, under three heads. It reiterates the Corporation's original challenge, citing what it terms a "mandatory" ruling. From our objection to the linking of a criticism of the professor's scientific theories with a challenge to his political philosophy, it infers that we profess to find those theories "understandable," and that we regard him as "the world's leading scientist." And it points out two errors of fact. As to one, we can only refer the Corporation to the State Department, which evidently has no inkling of the fact that the professor's visit is automatically barred under our laws. As to two, we neither expressed nor implied a defense or understanding of anything whatever except the professor's right not to be excluded till he was proved to be subversive; our phrase, "*one of* the world's most eminent scientists," we would have thought, was quite clearly a summary of the general appraisal, not a token of our private endorsement. As to three, we did miscall the Corporation "the Women's Patriotic Organization," which title we copied from the A. P. story in the *Times* of December 4; and we did mistakenly infer, from the same story, that "the board of the national patriotic council" which made the criticism of the professor's scientific theories, was a part of the Corporation instead of a separate group. The inference was natural, we think, but for all of that, the mistake was not the *Times's*, but our own. We hereby apologize for it to the Corporation.

THE ATTITUDE OF EDUCATION

SOME time ago, the hierarchy of the United States once more addressed their flock in behalf of a Catholic university idea and specifically in behalf of the Catholic University itself. Since we ourselves have every practical reason to hope for the flourishing of this idea (as without adequate university support, in the intellectual sense, no literary or journalistic effort such as ours can long prosper), we have often wondered whether the concept of a Catholic university has any real practical vitality in our time, or whether it is merely kept alive, as it were, by official desire and sanction. Does the educational activity of the modern world as a whole leave room for the specifically Catholic institution, the specifically Catholic attitude, or are these only extraneous matters, good enough in themselves but having no more relational value than can be claimed for, let us say, certain private theatricals sponsored by a wealthy amateur for his own amusement?

Now there are some educators who feel that the Catholic university idea is just another attempt to galvanize into action a philosophy which belongs to bygone ages. These men speak contemptuously of the provincial and unscientific state of mind which, in their opinion, characterizes an educational system hostile to the results of "modern culture." To them the Catholic university man is a kind of deluded alchemist waving a wand and trying futilely to turn a dead and leaden past into gold that could pass muster as intellectual currency in the present-day world. We ourselves have heard scholars who usually weigh their words lavish irony upon the "little denominational hangers-on," which to them Catholic, and perhaps all existing religious, universities in the United States are. Of course there exists a different point of view, hardly any more correct. According to this, Catholic institutions of higher learning could profitably do work for which other schools have neither time nor inclination. They might become centers of theology or of research in the religious aspects of world literature. They would thus function as "institutes" and contentedly abstain from having other ambitions.

One could, of course, aver that all this is of no importance, and that religious education ought to march proudly on, conscious of its mission, regardless of, or maybe even in spite of, the rest of the world. But such a statement would obviously be incorrect. No educational system can thrive on a policy of isolation, negation and self-defense. That policy is an unfailing cause of inferiority complexes, which soon beset teacher, student and public. And so we find ourselves deeply interested in a new symposium, "The University in a Changing World," which Walter M. Kotschnig and Elined Prys have edited (Oxford University Press). Here one notices the introduction saying: "An article on the Catholic idea of the university has been included, not only because that idea played a great rôle in the formation of the earlier universities, but also because

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it has been gaining ground again recently and has contributed a most constructive line of thought to the general discussion of this important subject." This "line of thought" is to the editors just one among several, as a matter of course. They find about them widespread criticism of the aims and nature of the university, and persistent demands for something more adequate. But they declare: "We cannot conceive the quest for a new university without asking not only what ideal of learning it should advance, but also what kind of an élite it should endeavor to form." In short, there can be no university reconstruction until men find a foundation of principle and personality upon which to build.

The spokesmen for a Catholic university offer such a foundation. "In the first place, and theoretically speaking," say our editors, "the universities of the world might accept, as do the Catholic universities, an already well-defined *Weltanschauung* with a timeless idea of knowledge derived from the existence of a supernatural entity, which would define not only the presuppositions of learning but also the ideal of man." This sentence seems to us to outline pretty well the Catholic idea of a university. It has a certain conception of knowledge and a certain conception of man. These it has not evolved out of loosely associated elements of thought but out of its awareness of God, the eternal object. Accordingly it cannot be an institute, and it cannot be isolated. It is concerned not with "special studies," or with a group in need of careful watching, but with knowledge and man.

All this is made clear in the brilliant paper by Professor Dietrich von Hildebrandt, of Munich, which closes the volume under consideration. One need not agree with Professor von Hildebrandt's opinions as an individual to appreciate the force of his general conclusions. He begins with a definition of the outlook of the typical modern university; this rests on a "fundamental principle" which expresses itself in two ways: "(a) by asserting that knowledge as such is independent of the general attitude of man, that is, that in its very structure it does not involve any other attitude of the person; and (b) that true knowledge must not, as far as its content is concerned, operate with any presuppositions other than those which can be justified before the tribunal of knowledge itself."

He then attacks the assumption of an autonomous knowledge-faculty by showing that "there are far deeper connections between the general attitude of man and his capacity of knowing," and that knowledge depends, formally and materially, "on the very nature of man." One's capacity of apprehension—i.e., of seizing upon the reality which presents itself in order to be known—may be vitiated by indolence ("a strange dull insistence on remaining rooted to the spot one is accustomed to"), pedagogic pedantry, resentment of objective validity, sceptical distrust. The understanding, for its part, may be vitiated by "eidetic" blindness (blindness to "what is essential and significant in a thing, in distinction from all accidental and secondary features of the concrete specimen"), by an obsession for purely formalistic knowledge to the exclusion, in particular, of religious knowledge, and by unawareness of value which results in thinking the world "a web of mere purposes." This critique of a common academic assumption is of course not exclusively Professor von Hildebrandt's own. It recurs in the writing of almost everyone who has concerned himself with appraising the modern university.

For our author the Catholic attitude, created by dogma formulated by Revelation and made vital in the community of the Church, "is precisely the fundamental attitude which 'delivers' our knowledge, clears away all the fetters and hindrances to knowledge and so produces a type of mind capable of doing justice to the depth and range of reality." Since for the Catholic the world is not merely a cosmos created by God but an existence in which Christ has supernaturally drawn us toward Himself, it must follow that he is neither smug nor commonplace of outlook. Of course at this point Professor von Hildebrandt is forced to admit—as all of us do—that there is a difference between the "Catholic attitude" and "the attitude of a Catholic." Thousands with the label may belie the thing designated by that label. But wherever this attitude finds expression amid the darknesses of human life—in Augustine, or Cardinal Newman, or Vico—it is manifestly all that can be claimed for it.

The object of a Catholic university is, therefore, to foster this attitude, together with a habit of distinguishing clearly between the knowledge given in Revelation and that furnished by the *lumen naturale*. The outlook of a man inwardly free, and outwardly bound by no digest of prejudice, needs an environment in which the life of religion will foster the imitation of Christ. Yet, primarily because all these things are so, "it does not follow that Catholics should . . . be concentrated in Catholic universities alone." Indeed, "the Catholic university is not intended as a 'ghetto' for Catholics, but as the nursery of a liberating attitude and as the fortress of adequate knowledge of that attitude which must permeate like a leaven all truly scientific knowledge and study." But it is also "a place where man never forgets that his primary function is to bring to full fruition the divine life implanted in him."

This is a program anyone might well take seriously. And if we ask ourselves whether it is realizable, whether the somewhat drab reality we now have can ever become like unto the vision before us, the answer must be: the fruition lies in our hands, which will either do or not do. Remembering that Providence seldom issues special commands, but assigns to us the task plainly written in the very law of the world as evident to reason, can there be any question as to the superlative need for solving the university problem without bickering, without false alarms, but in an anticipation of the spirit which a Catholic school full-grown would produce?

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FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES

By FREDERICK A. MORAN

THE PRINCIPLE enunciated at the first Prison Congress held in 1870 and reaffirmed by the American Prison Association sixty years later, that "of all the reformatory agencies, religion is first in importance, because most potent in its action upon the human heart and life," is still accepted in theory by social workers who deal with delinquents and criminals. But in practice it may be questioned how important a rôle religion actually plays in the programs for the reformation of delinquents and criminals.

There exists among the Catholics, a sublime faith in the efficacy of laws to solve social situations. If provisions are included in the welfare laws of a state for the protection of the religious interest of children or for Catholic probation or parole officers to supervise Catholic offenders, it appears to be accepted that the problem of religious care is solved. For it seems to be taken for granted that laws work automatically, and that every Catholic coming in contact with those who offend against the law is equipped with the unique ability of transmitting spiritual insight and values to others.

In dealing with the problems of the spiritual care of delinquents and criminals, two major weaknesses become apparent. The first is that, although psychological and psychiatric examination of delinquents and criminals in New York State indicate that 43 percent of the inmates of state correctional institutions are normal, 26 percent are feebleminded, and 30 percent are neuropathic—individuals who are not insane but who are subject to mental abnormalities—the programs which are followed in an attempt to develop spiritual values are exactly the same as the one formulated to meet the needs of the normal group. The other major weakness is that it is comparatively simple for workers with delinquents and criminals to obtain fairly accurate information regarding the home conditions, school record or employment history of offenders, but practically impossible to obtain reliable information regarding the religious or spiritual development of these men in or out of the institutions.

It is now generally accepted that the feebleminded and the defective delinquent need special care and training and that the services of social workers with psychiatric training should be utilized in dealing with clients presenting emotional and behavior problems. But apparently it is accepted by spiritual leaders that no special program of religious training is needed to deal with delinquents and criminals.

From the date of the influx of Irish emigrants to America in the nineteenth century, the Irish Catholic group have been charged with contributing to the jails, penitentiaries and reformatories an unduly large percentage of its numbers. Apparently there are in correctional institutions a large number of individuals who state that they are Catholic. It is doubtful whether this fact can be explained away by emotional replies, by the birth rate, or even the assumption that individuals who come into conflict with the law, no matter what their religious preference may be, invariably state that they are Catholic.

What is needed at the present time are not mere assumptions or opinions, but factual data upon which to base a constructive program of prevention and care, and this necessary data does not exist. State and national crime commissions and other official bodies during the past five years have carefully analyzed the causative factors in criminality, but one will search in vain to find in their reports any evaluation of any religious programs or any recommendation regarding the part religion might play in an effective program for prevention or treatment.

When inmates of institutions are released upon parole and return to their own parish, it is doubtful if the parish priest can intelligently coöperate with parole officers, for no policy has been enunciated regarding the kind of service which the pastor has a right to expect from the social worker, and the social worker is uncertain what service he may request from the pastor. With little thought of the demands made upon a pastor, busy parish priests are now asked to interest themselves in the spiritual life of parolees, and little or no information regarding the religious life of the individual in the institution is given to them. If the parish priest, during his first interview, has no desire to put the parolee through a spiritual inquisition, so asks the parole officer regarding attendance at the sacraments, the parole officer must reply that he does not know.

The lack of coördination that now exists between the prison chaplain and the parish priest is not the fault of the institutional chaplain, the parish priest or the social worker, but is fundamentally due to the fact that no specific or definite policy for religious care of individuals in public institutions has been formulated by the proper religious leaders. The status of religion in state programs of correction and, in fact, in any of the welfare programs carried on by a state, now depends upon the good-will of state officials who may or may not be interested in religion.

When the parole work of one state was recently reorganized, definite assurance was given to the three principle religious groups that as much attention would be given to religious or spiritual problems as would be given to social problems presented by the parolee or his family. Frequently the parole officers are asked to make a religious study of the men under their supervision. Questions are asked the parolees regarding their church attendance, and the Catholic group are

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questioned regarding the frequency of receiving the sacraments. Visits are made to the priest, the rabbi or the minister, and the social and religious problems of parolees are discussed with them. The results of these religious surveys are not encouraging. In one office, four parole officers had 147 Catholics under their care. Approximately 45 percent were regular in their attendance at Mass, an equal percentage were irregular and 10 percent were non-attendants at religious services.

In discussing the church attendance with the irregular and non-attendant Catholics, the response given might be classed in three groups. A very small minority of the parolees admitted that they might derive some benefit by practising their religion and promised to consider the return to their religious duties. The second group were sheepishly evasive and based their reasons for failing to attend church upon the fact that they lacked money or clothes or that critical attitudes of the church members toward them were responsible for their failure to accept religion. The third group were ready to assent to the performance of their duties, patently, to "stand in" but without any real or sincere purpose to follow out their promise.

The parole authorities and their representatives have with sincerity and honesty tried to fulfil the pledge given to the representatives of the three principal religious groups. Not only have pastors been visited by parole officers prior to an inmate's release from prison, in an effort to enlist their coöperation, but inmates, when appearing before the board, have been urged upon their release to attend to their religious duties. In turn, the parole officers have made definite efforts to have Catholic parolees attend Mass and the sacraments and to interest priests, ministers and rabbis in the spiritual problems presented by the parolees of their particular faith. The general impression of the parole officers who have made these religious studies is that most of the clergymen interviewed believe that an effort should be made to readjust these men religiously, but that they are not in the least optimistic and while they want to do something for them, even before they start, doubts are expressed as to the results. While exceedingly courteous to parole officers, they do not receive the idea with any enthusiasm, optimism or the slightest semblance of a plan.

Without knowledge of what religious agencies expect from representatives of the state, and without factual data upon which to base a program of religious care, it is apparent that no one, at the present time, should be hypercritical. It is without doubt due to lack of knowledge of the facts that there has resulted on the part of proper representatives of the Church, failure to consider the religious problems of Catholics on probation and parole as well as other Catholics who who are in state institutions.

In an effort to obtain information regarding the religious interests of prison inmates, recently 2,246 unselected individuals received during a calendar year in the reformatory and the state prisons of a particular state, were asked specific questions regarding their social history and religious observances. Basing figures upon their replies, it was found that out of the 2,246 individuals, 1,258 or 56 percent professed to be Catholics. Only 168 or 13.4 percent of the 1,258 had attended parochial schools, while 21.2 percent had attended both parochial and public schools, and 65.4 percent had attended public school only.

Efforts were also made to discover the average grade the inmates had attained when they completed their school careers. It was found that the average grade reached by those who attended the public school was the seventh grade, those who had gone to both a parochial and public school, the eighth grade, and those who attended parochial schools, the sixth. No attempt is made to explain the difference in scholastic achievement of the men who attended public and parochial schools, for obviously something more important is indicated by these figures. It is that with the group who attended parochial schools and later became criminals, the religious had only a limited time to teach the fundamentals of Catholicism, while only conjectures can be made regarding the type of religious training, if any, received by the Catholics who had attended public schools. Their opportunity for religious instruction would of necessity be limited to Sunday school classes or late afternoon instruction.

Is it rash to assume from these figures that a possible way of reducing the number of Catholics who come into conflict with the law, might be in developing additional safeguards for the protection of the faith of Catholic children who attend public schools? But this cannot be done until it is known how many Catholic children are in public schools. It is possible in a state like New York to obtain information from the State Department of Education, that approximately 15 percent of the 2,250,000 children attending school are in parochial schools, but no official information is available regarding the total number of Catholic children attending public schools. Occasionally Catholic school teachers in a particular community may attempt a school census, but these efforts are usually as unsatisfactory as the attempts of the Jewish group to obtain information by taking a count of the children absent from school on Jewish high holy days. A practical method of obtaining the desired information might be to ask the State Education Department to compile it.

Just as the occasional Catholic is a problem in any parish, the Catholic chaplain in an institution must deal with a large group who are nominally Catholics but who either were irregular attendants or non-attendants at Mass and the sacraments outside of prison walls. Upon their own admissions, 50.2 percent of these 1,258 individuals professing to be Catholics stated that they attended church only occasionally before their imprisonment, and an additional 6 percent never attended any church, while more than 25 percent of the Catholic prisoners knew neither the name of the church they last attended nor the name of its pastor.

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From these figures it is obvious that the work of the chaplain, if it is to be effective, must be coördinated with the work of the parish priest. But unless some formal program of coöperation is developed, the hit and miss methods which are now being followed will continue to be a stumbling block to effective spiritual development.

The chaplain in the institution must not only be concerned with Catholic prisoners who present the problems of lack of religious training, negative attitudes toward religion, and infrequent attendance at Mass, but complex marital situations. Two-thirds of the Catholic prisoners are single, but out of the 412, or one-third, who are married, 47 are separated from their wives, 12 are divorced and 28 have common law wives. Only 50 percent of the 412 were married by a priest. The marriage ceremony of the remaining 50 percent was performed by a minister or, in most instances, by civil officers.

No attempt is made to enumerate the additional complex social and moral problems that prisoners and parolees, both single and married, and their families present, but this may be indicated by stating that in 15 percent of the cases, another member of the family has a criminal record.

Modern psychologists stress that security is one of the fundamental needs of human beings. It is doubtful if prisoners have a sense of security, for only insecurity can come from a lack of formal education, skill in mechanical training which might result in status in the economic system, and a lack of religious ideals.

The problem of the adult criminal who professes to be Catholic is not the problem of the foreign born who does not know American customs or manners. It is specifically the problem of individuals American born, possibly of foreign parentage, who have failed to make adjustments to the community. It is not even a problem of non-resident offenders, for 82 percent of the 1,252 Catholic prisoners were born in the United States, and 65 percent in the state in whose institutions they are now incarcerated.

From the factual data presented regarding the spiritual and moral problems presented by the prisoners and the parolees, it may be apparent that the present stereotyped methods followed in attempts to develop the spiritual life of prisoners and parolees, are not apt to result in any large measure of success. It should no longer be overlooked that the lives of individuals who offend against the law have touched the home, the church, the schools, the recreational and social agencies of the community, and that these fundamental social agencies and institutions have not been effective in instilling in these offenders a desire to adhere to ethical standards of conduct.

Dealing with delinquents and criminals in groups has signally failed to accomplish results. For the present methods employed, religious leaders might with wisdom substitute the case work approach, which means individualized study and treatment. Already in divinity schools attached to non-sectarian universities, the departments of practical theology have formulated schedules for guidance in the study of the religious life of an individual. It is the religious agencies, not the social workers or state officials, who have the responsibility for the evaluation of present methods and techniques of religious training and for the accumulation of factual data upon which to base an effective religious program.

Study and research is vitally needed before any such program is formulated. With wisdom any program developed will not be limited to children and adult offenders under state care, but will enunciate clearly the relation of the Church to state agencies when the moral welfare of Catholics is involved.

Unless the Church takes the initiative in developing a program of relationship with state agencies, it may in the future have to accept a ready-made program handed to it.

FATHER JUDGE

By WALTER R. HUDSON

IN THE year 1896 gold was discovered on Bonanza, Eldorado and other tributaries of the Klondike River. Great were the tales of easy wealth that could be had by simply wielding a pick and shovel.

Those stories stirred the imagination not only of the strong and healthy frontiersmen. Everyone who had any of the adventurous spirit and could get the price of passage money to Skagway, Alaska, was eagerly clambering for transportation on some of the worn-out ships, which years before had been condemned to rot on the mud flats of Oakland Creek. Those obsolete old hulks were resurrected, caulked and refitted for a venture into the Northern seas, with a full complement of amateur gold hunters, who little knew that the port of Skagway was but the beginning of their troubles. For beyond Skagway loomed the White and Chilcoot passes with their treacherous snow slides. Further on where the trail blended with the Rink, Five Fingers, and White Horse Rapids, many would-be prospectors, after seeing the wild waters of the upper river, sold their outfits and returned to civilization.

No doubt it would have been better for the rest of us if we had followed their example, but at the end of the trail lay gold. So we mushed on.

Sickness, disease and death became commonplace. Little or no medicine could be obtained, and men became callous to the suffering of men and animals. It was everyone for himself, and this spirit prevailed

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among most of us until we were brought to the realization that all of us were not to become millionaires. Meanwhile every effort had been strained to discover new gold-producing creeks. Never since the 1849 stampede to California were men so reckless in their wild rushes.

Money was plentiful, and this false prosperity brought more people and of course more sickness for which no provisions had been made. Epidemics of every sort began to break out, and it looked as if the new tent city of Dawson was to be wiped out of existence. Doctors, such as we had, were much too busy with their mining ventures to attend their duty. The few M.D.'s who did practise their profession charged so much for services rendered that few of us were able to afford the luxury of a prolonged illness.

An emergency existed. The Governor, the Commissioner, the Northwest Mounted Police did everything in their power to help us, but all the strength of the government could not check the ravages of spinal meningitis, dysentery and scurvy. Men died beside their gold-filled sluice boxes.

It was then that Father Judge, the greatest medical missionary ever known in the North country, opened his emergency hospital in a log cabin. That old log cabin, what a haven of refuge it was for many of the broken Argonauts who could not afford the services of a doctor! The magnificent hospitals of America, with their clean rooms and quiet-spoken nurses, never could hold more thankful patients than were stretched on the floor and rough pole bunks of that big log room where caribou hides served for mattresses.

Sanitation, such as we know it now, was an unknown and impossible quantity with us. For the smell of cooking food mingled with the odor of drying footwear, hanging as close to the sheet-iron stove as safety would permit. Blankets, cots and sheets could not be obtained at any price. But an old friend, Captain McCarty, of the S. S. John J. Healy, literally talked his passengers out of their beds. So enough bedding was taken from the steamer to take care of twenty bunks.

A twenty-four hour watch attending the wants of two score sick might have been considered an impossible task for most men. But when I opened the door of the hospital and demanded medical aid for a dance hall girl, who had been badly bitten by the half-wolf leader of my dog team, Father Judge, who was preparing a scanty meal of beans and bannock, got to his feet with the remark that, if I would show him where the girl lived, he would attend to her wound.

As the priest pulled his parka over his head, I noticed his body and hands shake as if from cold or nervousness. And as he turned toward the dim candle light, his magnetic eyes seemed to look far beyond the walls of that log hut. His never-to-be-forgotten face showed the seams and scars of many a desperate encounter with the sub-zero blizzards of the Yukon. Hunger and suffering had been his daily companions. How tired he was only his God knew. For Father Judge never seemed to rest, and his nervous temperament gave one the impression of the fabled Sphinx.

After making the woman comfortable, the priest went back to his heart-breaking task in the log cabin, where with very little help he was doing the most wonderful deeds that we prospectors of the Yukon territory had ever known. And those of us who were fortunate to see the work of that great missionary soon realized that in him the Klondike had a man who was well fitted to take care of our maimed, not only of their bodies, but the spirit as well.

For here was a man's man. He was without money, without influence, and with scarcely enough food and clothing to protect his body against a climate which demanded the best. But he had an inspired zeal to care for the helpless, which every boat, scow and raft were landing on the gravel bars near the mouth of the Klondike River. And while we stampeded madly from creek to creek in search of yellow gold, Father Judge stuck to his post, building a monument of good deeds that will survive long after the gold mines of the Yukon are but a memory.

Just how Father Judge ever stood the strain of that first terrible winter, none of us could ever guess. Calls for his services from the ever-growing sick list were mounting day by day. But sanity was gradually being restored in the camp, and men began to notice their weaker brothers who had not been able to keep the pace. It was then we noticed the Christlike work that was being performed by Father Judge. The only change we could see in him after his year of sleepless nights, was a deeper smile on his frost-scarred face. And once when I spoke to him of his great work, he said, "My love for the prospector, the miner and the pioneer is greater than ever before."

I shall never forget my second visit to the hospital. Sleet, rain and a north wind straight from the ice fields told of an early fall. It was real pneumonia weather for us, who were daily working knee- and waist-deep in icy water. This particular cold snap had caught my old partner, Ellinger. So I walked to the hospital to see my old friend. Here were men I had met at different times under very different conditions. Gruno, the silver-throated tenor, lay dying with lung fever. McClatchy, the exile, was stricken with scurvy. Baron Inglestead, the soldier of fortune, would never again see the field of battle, for that morning he had been crushed in a log jam. Father Judge told me that my old trail mate would be all right in a few weeks. So I left, feeling well assured that Ellinger was in good hands.

Those men and many others were gathered together within the shelter of those log walls. Yet, with all the pain and misery, there was hope in every face, and the eyes of his people constantly followed every movement of the Father as he went about his hard tasks. Tasks that are ever demanded by the helpless. Many of those patients told me they wanted to die, but the cour-

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age shown by Father Judge gave them an inspiration to live and do better in the future. Not only the sick under the direct care of Father Judge were inspired, but his life was a constant inspiration to all of us men in the North country.

In those care-free days, we were overburdened with a liberal crop of "quack doctors," "judges" and "lawyers." No license was required to practise any profession, but those fakers caused trouble to all of us who were foolish enough to listen to them. Against men of that caliber Father Judge took a firm stand, and it was his attitude in this matter that caused laws to be enforced whereby only licensed men could practise.

Another class of parasite we were cursed with was the food speculator who, when food was fairly plentiful, would lay in a supply of provisions, and wait, spider-like, until starvation stalked among us. During one of those periods when men were going hungry and valuable sled dogs had to be shot to save food, several of the speculators were holding flour at $1.00 per pound and tallow candles at $.50 each, with everything else in proportion. Men were getting desperate, and there was some talk of hanging the speculators. The Commissioner ordered all of the Northwest Mounted Police on duty and closed all saloons and gambling houses. (That was the first time I ever saw the saloons closed day or night.) The local government hung in the balance. Anything might have happened. Happily, someone suggested that Father Judge be sent for, and have him give a decision which would be final and fair to all. A meeting was arranged in the Gold Nugget Saloon, under police guard, where Father Judge gave the following decision:

"You men, who are operating saloons, and gambling houses, justify your further stay in this camp by buying the speculators food at the original cost and distribute the supplies to those who are in need. Men, I thank you."

This decision suited everyone except the Shylocks, but they were given the "blue ticket" (a notice to leave the camp within twenty-four hours). From that time on we were not bothered with food speculators.

When the town site of Dawson was surveyed, many errors occurred in staking ground. In some cases lots overlapped each other, and again other lots would have an excess of ground. This excess was called a fraction, and many bitter legal battles occurred over this extra property.

It so happened that Father Judge's first hospital stood on a piece of ground adjoining one of those fractions. This particular lot had never been recorded, for it was generally understood by all of us that the hospital would be allowed to hold that ground. But law is law, and one of our would-be legal sharps decided to turn this piece of ground to his own account. So he filed and recorded the lot. A few days later some men erected a high pole fence around the property. Later on a sign announced that dogs would be boarded for $5.00 per week at that particular location.

Now the howls of a Siwash or a Malumute dog are not very restful for sick people. So Father Judge approached the operator of the dog ranch and requested him to keep the animals quiet. Instead of getting any coöperation, the Father was informed that if he did not like the dogs he was at liberty to move his damned old hospital. This was too much for the good priest, and those who witnessed the quick departure of the would-be lawyer with Father Judge grasping his Mackinaw coat collar, came to the conclusion that no court action would be needed to remove the dog farm. The witnesses were correct in their idea, for that evening someone liberated the dogs and the wooden stockade was given to the hospital for firewood.

The temporary building that had housed so many patients was badly in need of repairs. More room was required to care for the needs of such a fast-growing camp. So the word was passed from creek to gulch, from saloon to river, that everyone should contribute toward a fund for the purpose of erecting a permanent hospital. This would help to show Father Judge what we thought of him.

But long before our plans were ready, Louis Schloss, a Jew, who was the chief of the Alaska Commercial Company, loaned Father Judge enough money to get the building started. Carpenters at that time were getting from $20.00 to $40.00 per day. Lumber was selling at $250 per thousand. So it was felt that the $40,000 that Father Judge had borrowed would not go very far in completing the building.

Father Judge was induced to deliver a speech to the miners and prospectors. It was this speech that showed the utter unselfishness of a true Christian missionary. Enough money was collected at that meeting to complete the finest building of its kind ever erected in the North. And I might add that no sick person was ever turned away from the doors of this institution for lack of money.

It is no exaggeration to say that every man who mined or lived in the Yukon territory was at that time and will be in the future deeply indebted to Father Judge for the many reforms which he fought so hard to have enacted into the mineral laws of that land, laws that gave the miners and prospectors the full fruits of their labors.

With the building of the Yukon and White Pass Railroads, the dangers of the old trails passed away. And from our viewpoint, a very undesirable class of people were flocking into the Yukon Valley. They were lowering our standard of values. Prices of all foodstuffs were low, transportation was easy, the day of the pioneer was over. But the work that was so nobly begun by Father Judge is still carried on. From the smoky campfires of the ever-restless prospector many tales are told of that fearless pioneer who gave so much to help his fellow men at a time when help was needed. And up there in that land where he gave the best years of his life lies the body of him who was a friend to us all.

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MUST UNEMPLOYMENT CONTINUE?

By JOHN A. RYAN

Unemployment, rampant at the present time, has naturally encouraged the making of numerous "plans" to create work. Most of these are unfortunately mere visions of Utopia, or envisage state coöperation to an extent as yet impracticable. Recently, however, Professor Frank D. Graham, of Princeton, came forward with some ideas which seemed to us so unusually good that we requested Father Ryan to set them forth in an article. This he has kindly consented to do. The title of Professor Graham's book is "The Abolition of Unemployment" (Princeton University Press. $2.00).—The Editors.

SIGNIFICANT not only in its radical proposals but also in its author's opinion that present conditions are so critical as to require drastic measures, is Professor Graham's little book, "The Abolition of Unemployment." "This is no academic matter on which schoolmen might debate interminably without doing much harm to anyone," says Professor Graham in the Preface. The introductory chapter exhibits greater feeling than I have found in any other economic work since I first came upon Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." The author adverts to the oft-expressed paradox of "immense supplies of both men and machines going to utter waste while millions are deprived of the necessaries of life," but he doesn't let it go at that. He declares:

> Surely it is criminal folly to keep a quarter of our people idle and in destitution when they are eager and able to produce the things that they would fain consume. . . . We have fumbled around the edge of things, hoping that employment would result. We have sought to recover prosperity by cutting out and curtailing work, until it must be clear, even to the dullest, that national prosperity depends on production and nothing else. . . . If we were really resolute about it, we could solve the problem of cyclical unemployment without appreciative cost, both now and for the future. How then can we remain inert?

Those who are inclined to blame the economists for their helplessness in the present emergency will appreciate the humorous account which Professor Graham gives, without fully approving, of an address delivered by "one of our most learned investigators before a bemused and despairing group of business men." In effect, the cautious investigator said:

> We ought to commence to get ready to begin to prepare to study the problem of approaching the task of analyzing more scientifically the possibilities of undertaking to examine the question.

Notwithstanding our incomplete knowledge of the fundamental causes of the depression, says the author, it is of supreme importance that we should take some action. He maintains that we know enough to abolish all existing unemployment. How would he go about this stupendous task?

His central idea is to have "the unemployed produce for their own consumption." A national Emergency Employment Corporation should arrange for putting to work all willing unemployed persons "at the jobs for which they are equipped and should pay them according to their own choice in the goods they themselves turn out." The Corporation would be organized by business men and would "make contracts with existing producers in order to carry on all the process of production." It would pay a rental for the use of plant and equipment which are either wholly or partially idle and pay salaries for managerial services. The product would be turned over to distributing agencies which might be either existing private concerns or establishments set up by the Corporation. Workers would receive the same relative compensation as in the ordinary industries. But the wage payments would be made not in money but in "consumption certificates" which would be exchangeable for Corporation products. These goods would bear the same prices as similar commodities in ordinary trade. The unit value of the certificate would be one hour's unskilled labor.

Inasmuch as the certificates would bear no specific money designation, their purchasing value in goods would be determined by the relation between the total week's certificates paid out in wages and the total amount of goods produced by the employees of the Corporation in a week and valued at current prices. Hence the total value of the goods divided by the total certificate units would give the dollar purchasing power of each unit. If I understand the proposal correctly, the following would be a typical example: The Corporation turns out a quantity of shoes which at the current prices in ordinary trade is valued at $10,000; the workers in a Corporation clothing factory receive 10,000 certificate units for one week's labor; if all the certificates are exchanged for the products of the shoe factory, each unit certificate will command one dollar's worth of shoes. The converse will be true if the shoe factory employees exchange all their certificates for clothing. Thus all the goods produced will be taken by the employees of the Corporation. The certificates should be dated and subject to a 5 percent reduction in value for every month that they remain unused. The object of this is to take all the goods off the market and prevent unemployment through the storing up of any part of the output.

Wages would have to be paid in certificates instead of money because the latter could be spent for outside goods competing with those produced by the Corporation. In that case all of the Corporation product could not be sold and the project would be confronted with a

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flood of goods and the discharge of some of the employees. So long as the certificates were exchanged for Corporation products, they would serve as well as money.

How would the employees of the Corporation obtain outside goods or outside services? As noted above, the Corporation might sell some of its goods, at least, through the ordinary retail dealers. How would the latter be paid? In certificates, a part of which could be used to buy replacement goods from the Corporation at wholesale prices, another part to compensate their increased sales force, another part to make purchases as consumers, while a part, or even all, might be sold for cash to the Corporation. Most raw materials used by workers in the Emergency organization would be paid for in certificates. If the certificates were offered at a slight discount, they would probably be accepted by farmers, and this increase in the consumption of the farm products would bring about some increase in their prices. Certificates would probably be good for all motor transportation, while the railroads should be willing to accept at least sufficient certificates to cover the wages of the extra labor needed to handle Corporation traffic. Rentals for the productive or distributive equipment needed by the Corporation could be paid for in part, at least, by certificates. Rentals for housing and, indeed, all the payments made by employees for services not rendered by the Corporation, for example, amusements and medical services, could be paid partly in certificates and partly in cash.

On the basis of the typical disbursement of incomes by wage earners in the United States, the author estimates that the Corporation employees would not need to use cash for more than 10 percent of their total expenditures and that it could be obtained by "the sale of a small fraction of the total certificate issue." According to Professor Graham's estimate, between 80 and 90 percent of the value output of the Corporation should go to employees and the remainder to enterprises with which it had contractual relations.

The Emergency Employment Corporation would retard or prevent the downward movement of wages in the private industries, because it would eliminate labor competition by the unemployed. Indeed, the activities of the Corporation might cause wages to rise. This could easily happen in those concerns which were enabled through contracts with the Corporation to use their plants to full capacity, thus reducing unit costs.

Some money—a relatively small amount—would be necessary or at least useful to put the scheme into operation. Thereafter, it should be self-sustaining. "It could be put into effect by a specially formed national organization of business men without legislation of any kind." In order to get the best results, the organization should cover the whole country, although a regional area, or even a large state with a fairly even balance between agriculture and manufacturing, might provide the requirements for a considerable measure of success. The Corporation as such should have neither profits nor losses.

In the chapter entitled "Objections and Rejoinders," the author tells us that his proposals have been the subject of "wide-ranging discussion with competent authorities," but that no objection has been offered on other than administrative grounds. None of the fifteen typical objections which he considers is really serious. On an earlier page, however, he fails to answer adequately a different kind of objection. Those who obtain employment in the Corporation would no longer provide a demand for the products of the ordinary industries. Hence the latter would suffer. The author's reply is that the relief funds which enable the unemployed to make purchases now are subtracted from expenditures which the givers would otherwise make for consumption. Nevertheless, this is not true of the rich and well-to-do private givers and it is only partially true of public relief funds and agencies. Again, however, this is not a very serious objection.

In my opinion, the merits of Professor Graham's project would be about as follows: The professor is right in asserting that there is no immediate or definite hope of emerging from the depression automatically. The purchasing power of the country has been cut in half. Until a considerable part of this has been restored, the ordinary operation of economic forces will be unable to bring about any sustained improvement. Even if automatic industrial forces were capable of starting a considerable upward movement, they could not carry it on against the vast array of new labor-displacing devices which have been perfected during the depression and are ready to be unleashed at the first appearance of a considerably increased demand.

I do not, however, agree with Professor Graham that his proposals constitute the best means of economic recovery or of abolishing unemployment. The author's objections to a vast program of public works financed by a federal bond issue are not convincing. In my opinion, this remedy plus a thirty-hour week for all labor is more hopeful, if for no other reason than that it involves less interference with customary industrial life and operations.

Moreover, the public works method is much more likely to be adopted. If the Emergency Employment Corporation waits until a sufficient number of business men set it up, it will be still non-existent at the arrival of the Greek Kalends. Our business men have not sufficient vision nor sufficient courage. Professor Graham intimates that the scheme could, if necessary, be put into operation by the federal government. Undoubtedly, that would be feasible through a commission or a semi-public corporation, but when conditions get so desperate that so great a measure of governmental intervention becomes imperative, it is more likely to take the form of direct public operation of the essential industries and public distribution of the product. On all accounts, therefore, I prefer the plan of public works plus the thirty-hour week.

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MANUFACTURING THE WRITER

By ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

"IT HAPPENS that I subscribe to the belief that no one can teach anyone else to write." This ancient saw was lightly tossed off on November 5 last by Mr. Harry Hansen in the New York *World-Telegram*. Mr. Hansen has the maddening job of bolting down a half-dozen freshly minted books every week and of recording his impressions in print every day. One can therefore both expect and forgive many a hasty or inept utterance from him, and I am far from desirous of singling him out for a serious attack. I quote him rather because his job compels him to deliver such statements as are generally expected. The very casualness of his remark serves to emphasize the frequency with which we accept it. Again and again we hear it asserted that "writing cannot be taught."

And whether it is asserted with assured calm or with passionate vociferation, it is generally allowed to pass unchallenged. One would think that the people who earn a good deal of their living by teaching others to write, or by trying to do so, would jump to their feet in a body and defend their profession. But the best of them seem too meek to take up apologetic cudgels; they just keep on teaching. I should like to present their case, not merely because I am one of the humbler of their number, but chiefly because I believe that the organized manufacture of literary talent is today a successful and growing industry and one of the most interesting departments in modern education.

"Art cannot be taught." It is strange that this assertion is seldom applied to instruction in music, painting or architecture. Everyone seems to realize that here a divine inspiration and the supervised mastery of a complex technique have always worked hand in hand. An elementary knowledge of the gamut was not a sufficient foundation for Palestrina's polyphonic edifices nor for the interwoven sonorities of Wagner's scores. The frescoes of Michelangelo, the churches of Christopher Wren, the paintings of Cézanne—even the costumes of Paul Poiret and the dishes contrived by Oscar of the Waldorf—nobody tries to account for these masterpieces without considering the long and arduous teaching and apprenticeship to which the masters had been subjected. No one is foolish enough to suppose that we can turn our high school graduates loose and expect them to compose symphonies or bas-reliefs without further ado. Yet we do somehow expect at least a number of them to go right ahead and deliver American tragedies in prose and verse. The teacher who proposes to develop their merest literacy into the first approaches to genuine literature is assured that his efforts will be superfluous or worse.

Why is literature thus singled out as owing everything to a charming and providential afflatus? It may be simply because there has until recently been very little professional instruction in the "higher branches" of writing. We lack a pedagogic tradition for the writing of novels or epic poems. Many of our novelists and poets are self-taught simply because no teachers were ever accessible to them. It is natural for them and for their admirers to deny both the efficacy and the possibility of instruction. "What my grandfather, or my hero, did without, others can also do without."

Again, advanced technical skill in literature is supposed to develop by itself because language, unlike other artistic media, is used by everyone every day. Everyone, supposedly, has the necessary means as soon as he can make himself understood, and he seems to get an abundance of training every time he writes a letter or opens his mouth and suffers his vocal cords to vibrate. But the common speech that we hear and the letters that come to us in the mail tell us eloquently enough that unchecked speaking and writing do not result in literature. It is perhaps fortunate that we do not live in a mad world peopled only by Miltons and Bernard Shaws. "You can learn to write only by writing incessantly" is scarcely even a half-truth.

Therefore, as popular reasoning goes, since every literate person has the skill and the practice, it is apparent that only the Muse of Letters (whom we cannot explain, and whom only a bit of deep breathing and a mystical mood will enable us to apprehend) descends upon this one and that, overlooking every simple Peter Blimp and capriciously creating a Theodore Dreiser here and a Robert Frost there. Teachers can only correct verbless sentences and comma errors, and had better cease flirting with Calliope.

This fallacy can be instantly recognized as a rather luscious sentimentality. It is an enchanting and easy explanation, and a grand excuse for the facile, the inept and the lazy. It is used by the indolent and unskilful teacher to excuse his failures, and by the weak and incompetent writer to dull the voice of ambition.

Some reservations must of course be offered. I do not claim that even the most gifted teacher can make a Shakespeare out of any soda-jerker. And I am ready to admit the dangers of overinstruction. Possibly Gower and Lydgate might have written better poetry had they trusted their impulses more than they did the schools, and technical instruction might have damaged the output of Bunyan and Burns, had they listened to it. Genius and natural aptitude cannot be created out of nothing by teaching. But they can be discovered and released and trained. Undiscovered, suppressed and untrained talent has undoubtedly been carried mute to many a country churchyard. Competent teaching may well prevent such tragedy. In this sense the word "manufacture" may be fairly applied to the process, for "manufacture," as I understand it, means the shap-

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ing of raw material into the more or less finished product. The raw material is the experience and the natural talent of the student; the finished product is the resultant literature.

But enough of theorizing. The palpable fact is at hand: literary talent is actually being discovered, released and trained in our present American system of higher education. How is this being done? The teaching of "English" in our elementary and secondary schools, sketchy as it often is, does take care of the barest necessities for the workaday functions of the language. It develops the ability to compose sentences that often make some sort of sense and do not distort meanings beyond all recognition. Intelligent high school graduates can generally converse successfully and write letters which can be read without acute distress. Many of them have learned to spell and punctuate, to use verbs, and even to discriminate between prepositions and conjunctions.

This is the point at which our colleges and universities and schools of writing begin their manufacture of talent. In describing the process, I shall limit myself to the procedure followed at Columbia University, in which I have had experience, for seven years as student and for twelve years as teacher. Here instruction in writing is given chiefly in the extension departments known as University Classes. The first and in many ways the crucial stage through which student writers are sent is the course known as Freshman English or "English A," now fairly well standardized in all American colleges. English A fufils three functions. First, it completes the job of increasing our literate population. Every student who survives it is guaranteed to speak and write at least clearly, if not eloquently. If he cannot do so after producing some 25,000 words under detailed supervision and criticism, he is given up, and doubtless achieves eminence in politics. Second, it discovers lack of talent. Students who display no marked ability in any one of the several branches of composition in which it experiments are encouraged to fix their hopes on non-literary careers. Third, it begins to develop talent where talent shows.

English A usually begins with the simplest exercises in the transcript of sensations. The students are trained to sensitize themselves to what they see, hear, taste, smell and feel, and to express such experiences so vividly as to re-create them for the reader, in a purely objective way, without comment or interpretation. They often find this process of translation from sense impression to image, from image to word, more complicated than it is thought to be, and far more exciting. Some of them already show signs of ability in handling dialogue and gesture, in imagist poetry or in fictional word-painting. The course continues with practice in the combination of facts given by separate experiences into logical inferences. Thus the students learn to present information with accuracy and fairness. They are urged to be entertaining as well as informative, and they discover the devices which keep their readers awake and those which bore them most swiftly.

After this purely objective treatment of the world, the students are required to develop introspective methods. The writing of childhood recollections serves to awaken their memories; they pry into their own motives and their own conditioning in order to write frankly and amusingly about their own beliefs, emotions and performances. At this confessional stage, the findings of our colleagues in psychology are discreetly used, and here many students first realize the complexity and interest which lurks in the humblest human personality. Some of them begin to find themselves as familiar essayists. The next step is almost mathematical. Arguing from three known quantities, the student's actions, his own mental processes, and the actions of other persons, he is enabled to grasp something of that fascinating unknown: the mental processes of others. Character sketches and stories follow, and dramatists and novelists may now begin to bud. Finally, more ambitious discussions of burning problems are undertaken, in which discussions there is often developed an intelligent and philosophical handling of experience, fact and logic—a handling which will also make its appeal to any alert reader. After such a course, both the teacher and the student can tell whether any further efforts to create literature will be worth while.

The process of weeding out the ungifted continues, nevertheless, in the so-called "special courses in writing for publication" which follow, and in which large numbers of mature persons are enrolled. Here among the many who are destined to succeed, we find a sprinkling of those pitiable men and women with the tragic itch to see their names in print and without further qualification for winning the kind of fame and fortune upon which their hearts are set. Here that pathetic cry resounds: "I have always wanted to be a writer!"—with its implied sequel: "I'm ever so willing; just tell me what to do!" Talent generally does not wail in this fashion, being too busily absorbed in production. But sometimes it does, and is properly comforted. Sometimes the untalented allow themselves to be convinced, and gratefully lose their itch in more feasible careers. Sometimes they refuse to be discouraged and keep trying. Rarely a teacher makes the biggest possible mistake: he lives to see the bitter day when a student whom he has discouraged wins acclaim for a masterpiece.

To deal with all these trying and delicate situations, the teachers of the more specialized branches must be able to draw upon uncommon resources of tact. Their professional equipment, moreover, must satisfy unusually exacting standards. They should have experience as professional writers themselves, and they should also be sound scholars and educators. At Columbia, for instance, the courses in fiction writing are entrusted to several teachers who are both best-selling novelists and Ph. D's. Playwriting is handled by a scholar and author of a Pulitzer prize drama. All over the country, successful practitioners of literature

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—poets, editors, essayists—are being enticed into the faculties of universities and schools, and teachers of composition are winning more and more recognition as authors in their own right. The long divorce between theory and practice, between instruction and production, seems at last to be giving way to a genuine reconciliation. The beneficial effect upon both education and literature can hardly be measured as yet, but it is certain to achieve surprising proportions within the next generation.

The typical subsidiary activities of our Columbia student writers may serve to give some inkling of this change for the better. The student dramatists, working with their own local company of producers and actors, have seen several of their plays go down to successful runs on Broadway. During the last year, some forty or fifty novels, ranging from the merely competent to the widely admired, were written and published by faculty and students. And countless short stories, poems and articles. A club has been organized, before which eminent men and women of letters have gladly discoursed intimate and enlightening shop talk. The club has published nine annual volumes of original work, by way of demonstrating not only success but quality. A monthly magazine for writers is published, one which emphasizes not only ways and means of acquiring checks instead of rejection slips, but also the attainment of sound aesthetic values. Such activities are by no means peculiar to Columbia. They are spreading all over the country.

A good word should be added for the teaching of writing by correspondence. Of course such teaching has been abused, as has every other educational device while still in the stage of novelty. The abuses have been tellingly exposed of late. But the realization that there are dishonest "schools of writing" by which the unfortunate incompetent is defrauded of his hard-earned cash should not cloud our recognition that the writer who receives honest and pertinent criticism of his manuscript by mail is getting something of value. Speaking as one who has spent many an hour, during seven years, perspiring over the efforts of struggling writers from Minneapolis to Yokohama, and composing letters of discouragement, acclaim and admonition, I can safely declare that I would have profited as a home-study student, had I only been one fifteen years ago.

All this literary training should do something to stem the flow of hopeless manuscript back and forth through the United States postal system. It should gradually improve the quality of the copy which does attain publication. It should make for greater competence in the every-day, non-literary use of our language. It should prevent the dragging-out of many a frustrated career. It should make the world happier. In brief, writing can be, and is, taught.

HOW SHALL RELIGION BE TAUGHT?

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THERE is a saying abroad in the land which one sincerely hopes is not true: "Religion is the most poorly taught of all subjects." I shall admit frankly that I am not qualified to endorse or deny this statement. Having never taught religion, and never having imagined that I was fit to do so, my function is merely that of a spectator who feels in his heart that any superlatives about educational practice are rather hazardous. It so happens that I do know how badly some other subjects are taught; and if religion is any worse off than these, may the Lord preserve us! Doubtless, however, special difficulties confront those whose task it is to bring the young mind to an awareness of at least the fundamental aspects of theology and religious practice. Note for instance the danger that children may get tired of the subject. If one wearies of mathematics and tosses the algebra text-book out the window for keeps, the sole result is a probable later inability to infer the relations which may exist between x and y. But a decision to be bored with religion is an eminently serious matter. Again, there is hardly another subject in which science and art are so closely blended. Religious truth demands loving, intuitive apprehension even more than knowledge of what the facts are. And teaching that apprehension is not easy.

All this is relatively familiar, and there is no reason why an amateur like myself should say any more about it. The following remarks are devoted to one attempt to teach religion which has been made before my eyes, as it were, and which I like as well as admire. St. Joseph's College for women is a day college for Brooklyn Catholic young women, more than two hundred of whom now take advantage of the opportunities afforded.

These girls are very fair (both senses of the word deserved) samples of urban feminine America. They have studied hard enough to meet exacting academic requirements, they are probably a little more than ordinarily anxious to prepare for the future, but they are no doubt secretly guilty of preferring sodas and flirtations to the Peloponnesian War or the theories of Duns Scotus. All of which means that teaching religion to them is neither harder nor easier than teaching it anywhere else in the United States.

Enter a priest, the Reverend William T. Dillon, entrusted with the duty of supervising the work of the college. He realized two fairly important things. First, that if this institution deserved to exist at all, it was in order to see to it that progress intellectually must not outstrip progress spiritually. And since in-

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tellectual progress means endeavor to think for oneself, growing skill to find one's way about in the realms of thought and experience, it follows that spiritual advancement must mean the development of a better understanding of both the objective and the personal religious life. It became Father Dillon's conviction that neither memory nor routine would do here any more than they suffice in other departments of higher education. What the Catholic community rightly expected was a girl graduate fitted to do because she had done, willing to make sacrifices, and prepared to find the life of religion an intellectual and conative endeavor rather than an emotional spree. Second, he saw that his proper material was the girl herself and not an accumulation of a priori theories about education in general. To my mind, this last discovery is the more important. It is too frequently forgotten that Pestalozzi et al. managed to become great educators by dint of familiarizing themselves with young people, and not by sitting in an office with two pairs of spectacles and a pile of treatises.

The upshot of all this was a decision to place the religious activities (of course, not the theoretical instruction) of the college in the hands of the girls themselves. A committee of twenty-four was created by election in a manner giving full representation to each class. This group meets to discuss plans and suggestions, proceeding then to vote. All was started three years ago.

"While we do not claim much by way of achievement," says Father Dillon, "everything that has been done is the work of the girls themselves. The faculty has been out of the picture and deserves no credit." Of course, this is not strictly true. Members of the faculty do offer courses in religious and philosophical subjects, and do their work with fine intelligence and devotion. But the *action* which accompanies this theory is really the outcome of the coöperative effort of the girls.

In order to understand, one must bear in mind that this is a college where girls are free to come and go, but where community effort is encouraged. A young woman who prefers to do so can arrive in time for class and leave immediately thereafter; but of course the young woman who will do so, when conditions are right, is an almost extinct species. The feminine sex isn't built that way. Now then, what does one find? Religion is the chief activity, but there is no dopiness or superstitious sentimentality. Prayer is part of the day's life and thought.

Commemorative religious statues have been placed in quiet corners on all floors, and before each of these some volunteer kneels for a few moments between class periods. There is public prayer twice daily in the large assembly rooms. Benediction is given three times a week, and once a month there is exposition of the Blessed Sacrament throughout the day. Sodalities, "movements," societies have all been eliminated. The girls make missionary aid a part of their normal interest in the Church, paying regular membership fees and putting into the discard such devices as the sale of candy and tags. A forum for the discussion of religious problems as well as a regular service for both alumnae and undergraduates have been instituted. Every bit of this program has been initiated by the girls, and is being carried out with nearly 99 percent coöperation.

As time goes on, however, these young women look for other opportunities to express their interest. They have established a trust fund in order to help needy fellow students or alumnae, and in these difficult times have effected a rescue work all the more valuable because it has taught the art of giving at the cost of personal sacrifice. Owing at least in part to their desire the college has formed a "Fathers Club," to which men whose daughters are students may come to develop a better understanding of education and parental responsibility. And yet this "Club" is not in the least a formidable affair. The men have been encouraged to act on their own and are actually doing so. Finally the girls have organized to do their bit for social welfare, and have at least begun to get in touch with conditions in that important field. These may be defined as "extra-curricular" religious activities. Yet all have as their fundamental aim training young women to do what they want to as religious-minded persons conscious of why they belong to the Church.

The picture which emerges is that of an educational institution dominated by a religious atmosphere not superimposed from on high. No large portion of the faculty time is spent in being shocked, or in handing out unrequested good advice. The teacher as a religious influence exists to serve when he or she is wanted. Yet surprisingly enough—and I say this in full consciousness of what the words mean—these young women gradually acquire a genuine interest in what religion means. A reference to a doctrine does not simply go in one ear and out the other. Questions and discussions often manifest both sincerity and curiosity. I do not see what more an educator could desire.

To be sure, all is not perfect. Human nature seldom is. And of course it is at this point that direction either succeeds or fails. Some girls slip; others tumble pretty hard. And in such cases trial by one's peers is apt to be a little more harrowing than trial by a wise superior. Here and in similar circumstances the college is developing a *modus vivendi* which I find most admirable.

This is not advertising. The college has all the girls it can manage. But the idea of religious education to which it gives expression is worth consideration and study. To my possibly perverse mind, the days of old-fashioned bossing are gone forever. You can hold an ebullient temperament down for a while, but the moment you let go it jumps away like a rubber ball. The thing to be aimed at—in the teaching of religion as in the teaching of English—is gradual attainment of self-equilibrium.

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THE CITY OF SAINT MARTIN

By PADRAIC COLUM

WHILE others of my fellow countrymen were following the footprints of our patron at home, I tried to come on some of them in France. Saint Patrick is associated with the great monastery Saint Martin founded a few miles outside Tours. Marmontier (Magnum Monasterium) has caves that belonged to the original monastery which Saint Patrick visited before he returned to the place of his captivity. The grounds in which they are belong to a modern convent—a convent that has around it the remains of thirteenth-century buildings. There are byways that go steeply up to where old walls stand with wall-flowers upon them and lilacs growing beside them. The chalky rock in this district can be tunnelled into, and one sees everywhere caves that are dwellings or storehouses. Many have modern conveniences—here are caves with telephone wires going into them, and others with verandas outside. I suppose the original monastery had its foundation through Saint Martin taking possession of caves that were dwellings. I go down into one and come to a grotto dedicated to Saint Patrick and to another in which the seven companions of Saint Martin died together, which has the name of the Grotto of the Seven Sleepers. His successors bore the body of Saint Martin to the Roman town that is now Tours and raised an edifice above it. Now as we go toward it, we can easily see why, in every age, this city would be named Tours. In this level land a high building becomes noticeable; towers would be built for their conspicuousness, and the place would be named from them.

The twin towers of the Cathedral of St. Gatien stand up impressively. Tours is now a modern city and is rather aggressive about flourishing the names of radical writers as street-names, especially near the cathedral—Emile Zola and Anatole France. And as a modern city Tours is worth visiting. The long cobbled streets have plenty of character; there are, as in all French cities, many open spaces with flowers and fountains and trees. And always there is the crowd that differs so much from an American or British crowd in having noticeable individuality: the old woman crossing the square and blowing a bugle to let the public know that she is selling newspapers, the old fellow in velveteens pulling a handcart with the help of an anxious dog, the dogs themselves that sink into such profound slumber the moment a halt is made, the shop-girls and working-girls with their obvious delight in existence, the farm-girls with their crown-shaped lace caps and velvet jackets—all this makes modern Tours an entertaining place to be in, this and the fact that one can walk down a main street and look at the house that the great Balzac was born in.

Embedded in the modern Tours is the old city which can show such a beautiful Renaissance mansion as the Gouin house; and the Hostelry of the White Cross in which one expects to find men-at-arms resting and instead comes upon workmens' families eating their soup in a perfect fifteenth-century setting; and the two towers that are left of the ancient Church of St. Martin; and then the Cathedral of St. Gatien, with its lovely windows, and attached to it a museum in which fragments of statuary removed from the cathedral are preserved: I remember those heads of musicians and men-at-arms as giving a very vivid impression of mediaeval types. There is a new cathedral dedicated to Saint Martin. The builders have wisely refrained from going into competition with the Gothic—it is a small and well-proportioned basilica.

And then there is the Museum of Fine Arts. The grounds and building themselves are of interest. The building was the archbishop's palace, and a very extensive palace it was even for a prelate who in previous days had been a prince. On the separation of the Church and State the palace became public property, the archbishop taking up residence in a street that now bears the name of Emile Zola. In the garden, now a small public park, is the most magnificent cedar I have ever seen, a cedar of Lebanon with hundreds of far-stretching branches. Inside the palace is a collection the nucleus of which was from collections belonging to the abbey and to near-by castles. There are remarkable works here—a Rembrandt, a few Bouchers, an Italian Resurrection and a Christ in the Garden of Olives, Houdon's splendid Diana in bronze, and, not equal to any of these but certainly very memorable, the portrait of Balzac.

Tours has every interest that a small and ancient capital can have. The country, to compare great things with small, resembles Meath in Ireland—a level green land with a slow river and with scores of castles within a day's journey of its center. These castles are not, as in Meath, castellated mansions or ruined keeps: they are real castles, magnificent places filled with Renaissance treasures and with gardens that are worth seeing for themselves.

Near Tours is Vouvray—that center of a notable vintage—and it is an experience to go into the caves where the wine is ripened. Our guide sticks a candle on the end of a bar and takes us along wide tunnels. The ground is as hard as a cement floor with the marching of generations and the low ceiling of rock is as though varnished, but still rough with stalactites that are as long as nails. Here are great racks of bottles with heads down and other bottles standing up, the deposit cleared off and the wine ready for sale—thousands of racks of thousands of bottles. The bottles must have their contents stirred. When I heard this I thought it would take many hands working all the time in these streets and streets to turn and shake these bottles that gleam in the candlelight as the end of the bar is stuck amongst them. Not at all. The guide produces a primitive-looking toothed instrument and plunges it amongst them, shaking them and making a ringing that fills the caves. The ringing sounds jubilant, as if the wine, this sunshine of the hillside ripening in the dark recesses scooped out by generations, rejoiced at the contact with mankind.

In Tours and around it one feels close to Saint Patrick's elder, Saint Martin. Everywhere in picture or relief is that episode which is part of one's childhood memory—the officer on horseback cutting a roll off his cloak for the naked beggar who holds hands up to him from the roadside. One feels that a forefather of some we meet may have looked on the happening.

Rome

When a man comes to Rome, and stands beneath
Some great dome like Saint Peter's, when he sees—
Or rather feels—those superb memories,
Which make the soul within him hold its breath,
When o'er his head the huge pendentive saith
Its "Tu es Petrus" through the silences,
When on his right hand, dark with centuries,
Saint Peter sits in bronze defying death,
Then all the wars, and all the brigandage,
The dynasties, the what-not, and the shout,
That 'twixt our time and Peter's make their bridge,
Seem nothing. And those years you read about
Fade littler than what little space may stand
Between two praying fingers on your hand.

DANIEL SARGENT.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Alice in Wonderland

CHILDREN of all ages, from six to sixty and over, will probably give many squeals of delight this winter at an almost perfect transplanting from book to stage of "Alice in Wonderland." It is very seldom that the true spirit of make-believe of the theatre is called forth as clearly and amiably as at Eva Le Gallienne's production of "Alice." Let me add, for good measure, that the Tenniel illustrations have been followed to the letter in costumes and masks.

I admit to entering the old Civic Theatre with many misgivings. In these days of frantic experimentation we never know quite what we are going to get when a theatrical producer sets out to be naive. Usually there is a distressing self-consciousness in the process which destroys all the simplicity and charm so necessary to the integrity of the illusion. Actors and scenic designers alike all seem to be a little ashamed of themselves, as if they were accidentally caught shooting marbles or skipping a rope. But Miss Le Gallienne, with her magnificent sincerity, has entirely avoided every trace of this patronizing attitude. She has gone about the task of bringing Alice to life just as earnestly as if she were producing a masterpiece by Chekov. As a result, the full wit and humor of the occasion pour forth in a generous flood. The Mad Hatter is thoroughly mad. The White Knight is ungracefully pathetic. The White Queen (played by Miss Le Gallienne herself) is abominably and honestly untidy. The Red Queen is as tart as a persimmon. The Duchess is monstrous, the Queen of Hearts is vicious and Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee are just as contrariwise as you have always known them to be.

The general scheme as adapted by Miss Le Gallienne and Florida Friebus is a carefully worked out combination between "Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." Alice starts her adventures by the episode of passing through the mirror into the looking-glass house, but once there promptly finds herself in front of the diminutive door leading into the garden. Then come all the misfortunes of growing and shrinking, quite cleverly managed by having Alice herself remain the same size and everything else grow or contract. From this point on, all the familiar episodes of Alice are followed to the conclusion of the first part. We have Alice's escape from drowning in her own tears; the encounter with the Mouse; the sage conversation with the Caterpillar; the fateful interview with the Duchess; the episode of the Cheshire Cat; the tea party at the March Hare's; the trial before the King and Queen of Hearts.

The second part is devoted to the major adventures of "Through the Looking Glass," including all the classic figures from the great chess game. The great achievement of Miss Le Gallienne is in sticking so closely to the original, both in text and in spirit, and in refusing to attempt any innovations in the hope of improving on the original. The episodes are a bit disjointed, but no more so than in Alice's dreams. There is, of course, a certain humility in this resolute following of a pattern, but it is the kind of humility so characteristic of all of Miss Le Gallienne's work and is the very thing which has brought her to such preëminence in the modern theatre.

It is impossible to list separately all the excellent incidents which crowd the exciting minutes of this production but it would be vastly unfair not to dwell with whole-hearted emphasis on the extraordinary work of Josephine Hutchinson as Alice. Miss Hutchinson can be a highly emotional and sophisticated actress when the occasion demands. But I cannot remember any occasion when she has so completely immersed herself in the spirit of a part as in the case of Alice. She never drops for an instant the astonishing sincerity of the wide-eyed child. She is the perfect incarnation of Lewis Carroll's heroine. Nor can we forget the Red Chess Queen of Leona Roberts, the White Chess Queen of Eva Le Gallienne, or the infinitely weary White Knight of Howard Da Silva. The ferocious Queen of Hearts is played by none other than Joseph Schildkraut, and the impossible Duchess by Charles Ellis. Possibly the most captivating of all the episodes, however, is the Marionette performance of the tragic story of the Walrus and the Carpenter. I really think it was the crowning stroke of Miss Le Gallienne's production to have left this picture to the unforgettable pantomime of the Marionettes. Richard Adinsell's music and the scenery and costumes by Irene Sharaff complete the perfect ensemble. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

The Red Planet

THE RED PLANET," by John Balderston, the author of "Berkeley Square," and J. E. Hoare, is a play somewhat on the order of the Theatre Guild's ambitious production of two seasons ago, "Wings over Europe." In the present instance, the authors have tried to show the effect upon a muddled world of an established radio inter-communication with the planet Mars. In the end, the supposed messages from Mars turn out to have been a hoax practised by an embittered ex-convict who has become a worshiper of Satan. The point is that the authors have sought originality in their theme by having the messages from Mars state that a Prophet has suddenly come among the people of that planet preaching a doctrine which the people of the Earth instantly recognize as being the Sermon on the Mount. The religious hysteria, created by this spectacle, forms the substance of the greater part of the play.

A theme of this sort obviously has large possibilities, and, in at least one scene, these possibilities are partly realized. That is when the London crowd, gathered excitedly in front of the Royal Palace, suddenly sees the planet Mars shining from between the clouds. The people fall upon their knees, overcome with emotion that, at that very instant, Christ should be preaching to the peoples of another and visible world. But for the most part, the play manages to be a rather sorry hodge-podge of half-truths and of misplaced irony and sarcasm. The inventor of the apparatus, who is supposed to be receiving the signals from Mars is a complete atheist, quite ready to accept any scientific data which the people of Mars may communicate, but wholly unwilling to pass on to the people of the earth what he considers to be a revival of superstition. His wife, on the other hand, is a very ardent member of the English Church, and to her the messages of faith are of supreme importance. This conflict of viewpoint between the two individuals is carried into the political bodies of England, and, by inference, throughout the world. Politicians take advantage of the religious revival to serve their own interests. The Archbishop of Canterbury is worried for fear some new doctrines may be promulgated from Mars, which may contradict some established views of the Church, and so it goes. In the end, we realize that the avowed disciple of Satan has been deliberately stirring up the religious enthusiasm, in the belief that, after the hoax has been exposed, all faith will be destroyed. It is exceedingly difficult to tell just what the authors, themselves, wish to convey, but one gathers the general impression that they have no little sympathy with the young scientist, and that they are trying to expose the extreme credulity and emotionalism of the human race. (At the Cort Theatre.)

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AMERICAN SOCIALISM

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I wish to express my interest in the article "American Socialism" by Gerhard Hirschfeld in the November 30 issue. I am pleased because the author was fair to the Marxist cause; eminently fair in his cool writing and in his clear presentation of its ideals and concepts. But from the broad viewpoint, it seems that Mr. Hirschfeld has been led into that age-old argument against all reform: "You can't change human nature!" Only the author does not express himself so crudely; he says: "To interfere with this commanding force of individualism is to interfere with human nature itself. . . . It cannot be ignored or eliminated."

May I be permitted to say that I cannot follow the argument? I review: The author goes to great lengths to prove, clearly and definitely, that human nature is fundamentally motivated by the desire for material gain. No one will deny that this is so; least of all will the Marxist deny this, for his very ideals are socially valid only through the economic interpretation of history. The author then goes on to say that man has certain metaphysical needs, such as leisure, culture, freedom of expression, and happiness. At present, there can be no disagreement over the fact that money and power provide food, clothing and shelter (physical needs) and leisure, culture and freedom (metaphysical needs), all of which in the aggregate create happiness. No one will dispute that, yet the author concludes that Socialism considers the material sides of human nature, and not the metaphysical aspects. . . .

It is axiomatic that the underlying motive force of human activity is the desire for material gain; and that material gain provides the individual with all the higher things of life. Socialism undertakes to guarantee to all the people, through collective and thus through more efficient activity, these same economic means as are now so desired in the capitalist economy. Thus, Socialism, rather than "interfering with the commanding forces of individualism" which is the desire for happiness, culture, education and freedom, helps that desire by enabling a greater abundance and a greater security. Instead of "interfering with human nature itself" which is the desire for material gain, Socialism, by stressing that material gain over and over, aids in the fuller expression of human nature.

It is interesting to me, as one who has but newly come into contact with the Catholic world, that the greatest body of organized religion is vitally associated with the material betterment of the underprivileged. It indicates that the principles of Christ are still valued and applicable to our modern age—principles of the community of wealth and the brotherhood of man.

SACHA BIGMAN.

PROHIBITION AND TOLERANCE

Lenox, Mass.

TO the Editor: In your issue of December 14, John A. Ryan, in the article "Prohibition and Tolerance," suggests a linkage between prohibition and intolerance. His reasoning runs something like this: Prohibitionists wish to deprive citizens of fundamental rights; the believer in religious intolerance wishes to deprive Catholics of fundamental rights; therefore these two classes of citizens have something in common and we may expect the two groups to be practically identical. This would be good reasoning if the major premise were valid. Father Ryan has had recourse to the convenient method of representing his opponents—e.g., the prohibitionists—at their worst. Were he to use the fairer and more truthful method of taking them at their best—presumably he is familiar with the position of the *Christian Century,* which his article mentions—he would represent them as people who would terminate what they consider to be a social evil. Personally I know no prohibitionist who takes any other stand.

Since the error is so obvious, however, I suspect that Father Ryan is not so much interested in his process of reasoning as he is in giving a dig at causes he dislikes, notably that of religious intolerance. Yet I might point out that his article does the opposite cause no good. It is hardly calculated to soften the hearts of Protestant bigots like me, even should they, in large numbers, read it. I can't imagine how it could make Catholics more charitable toward Protestants, if Father Ryan considers that desirable. He calls attention to the fact of Protestant bigotry, yet he must know the futility of trying to cure intolerance by the simple expedient of pointing it out in others.

I could not but contrast the effect of Father Ryan on me with that of the distinguished Catholic prohibitionist, Patrick H. Callahan. The latter's correspondence has increased my tolerance and fellow feeling toward Catholics. The former's article did not. Those who are truly interested in furthering the cause of tolerance—and there is plenty of need for it on both sides—will confine themselves to setting a persuasive example to their own group.

I fear that Father Ryan has deserted his usual clearness of thought to become a victim of a very human prejudice. By branding prohibition as Protestant intolerance he descends to the level of those whom he criticizes for proclaiming anti-prohibition the work of Rome.

WALTER H. CLARK.

A LAYMAN'S PLAINT

Louisiana.

TO the Editor: If the case of the "Layman's Plaint" is not closed, I would like to make the following reflections.

There is nothing like constructive criticism, and this "A Layman's Plaint" most probably was intended to be; but at its present stage it seems dangerous to me. So easily our minds travel from particular cases to general statements, and so easily do we forget the Gospel story of the "splinter and the beam," and also very easily does criticism trample upon charity.

There was no reason for the first pastor to get peeved and make such a general statement about college and university graduates. Why did the second pastor strike such generous "mea culpa"? He certainly repeated some beautiful truths, but did he speak for himself or for some or all of his confrères? Should the clergy go for advice to the laity in such matters, and why did he throw that mean brick at his co-laborers of the missions? I am not one of them, yet I resent seeing them represented as public entertainers, hired for profit, which they are not, generally speaking. Why did the other layman fire not at the priest's sermon but at his morals? Are all priests hypocrites and Pharisees of the worst kind, like that acquaintance of his, which sure is bad company, if true? Did he "pray" his high Mass, using a Missal or a prayer-book, or was he just studying the priest and his manners, which possibly were far from pious?

I for one do not care to see any more of the "laymen's plaints" and their collaterals if they resemble some of those which have been printed. I think the best thing for all of us, laymen and clergy alike, is a serious examination of conscience, with the intention of doing better.

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Let no layman go to a Catholic church to be amused, entertained or flattered; but let him say an earnest prayer that he may be impressed by at least one thought of the sermon, and profit by it. Let us priests, poor humans like the rest, ever remember that we are to preach by word and example; that a sermon is not a burden but a golden opportunity and an actual grace of God to enlighten, strengthen, move and enthuse our Catholic people, that they may come and stay closer to God, His love and the eternal designs He has over all His children.

A Country Pastor.

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: Theodore Maynard tells a story about G. K. Chesterton. If my memory serves me right, it goes somewhat like this: One evening Chesterton had an appointment to speak at a dinner. It had been a rather busy day for him and he traveled some distance on the train to be on time. Quite naturally he was weary and, when he arose to speak, he had difficulty in gathering his thoughts. When the annoying condition persisted he characteristically said, "Will someone please contradict me?" Someone did, with disastrous results.

Will someone please contradict Loretta Reilly again? I would do it but I cannot for two reasons: I can find nothing in either of her letters to contradict, and I am afraid of her pen. Will a more intrepid person cross her so that she will write another such delightful letter? (Walter Winchell could ask, "Dewey and Manila—was that before or after the Civil War?")

Her pastor—and the assistant—out of gratitude to her, ought to take special pains and preach a sermon on one of God's choicest gifts, a sense of humor. And they might invite Mr. Freshnet to a seat in the front row.

P. E. Nolan.

BAD FROM BOTH SIDES

St. Andrew's, Tenn.

TO the Editor: Mr. Philip Boardman's article on Franco-American student relations was particularly interesting to me as a *Sorbonnard* on a fellowship in 1920-1921, and again, from my own pocket, in 1930. In other words, I tried the noble experiment twice, and if during the first two years I experienced certain of the things of which Mr. Boardman complains, the third, at all events, was highly valuable from the academic point of view. I do not think the last word on American scholarship in France to have been said, by any means, in any American publication. The whole question is primarily complicated by the inability of the average American student to express himself properly in the French language. This inhibits him, in the usual case, from competing with his fellow students in graduate courses, and from obtaining any degree higher than a certificate of merit. In short in three out of every four cases he might far better matriculate in an English university, if he is keen about foreign contacts, or do his graduate work at home, if he is not.

I am glad, however, that Mr. Boardman's interesting article may give me the opportunity to register a tribute in these pages to certain famous University of Paris professors, notably to Alphonse Aulard, who was to his death the greatest authority on the French Revolution; to his brilliant and kindly successor, Philippe Sagnac; to Fortunat Stowski, a Catholic of the greatest erudition and the most charming personality, author of a life of Saint Francis de Sales; to M. Guignebert, the ex-Abbé Loisy, and others. It is such great gentlemen and scholars as these who offset the mutual bad blood caused by your "professional" Frenchman and your "professional" Yankee and tripper.

Nor are the French qualities of generosity and noble courtesy encountered in the academic world alone. As a writer, I was once asked to collaborate with, that is, to furnish the requisite information and atmosphere to, Louis Artus, who contemplated a religious novel dealing with an imaginary "Ambrosian" Community of St. Leonard, whose monastery was to occupy the top floor of a skyscraper in New York City. The tale was later published in M. Artus's volume, "Le Vin de ta Vigne" (The Wine from Thy Vineyard). Artus was a Parisian Catholic of the old school, a probable subscriber to the Action Française, who was fond of saying at a time when Mussolini was very unpopular, both with Catholics and with Frenchmen, that, in his opinion, the Fascists "were the only honest people in Italy." At the end of our work together, supposing me to be a Protestant, he began to praise Michelet's well-known description of the death of the Huguenot Admiral Coligny in his "History of France." Now I was, and am, no admirer of Coligny, or any other sixteenth-century Protestant; thus I thought it only courteous to respond that, for my part, I could hardly read the same historian's description of the death of Saint Louis, without having tears in my eyes. "Ah," said M. Artus, "*that* is the true international communion. The rest is of no importance."

Cuthbert Wright.

SAN BERNARDINO

Fontana, Cal.

TO the Editor: There is rich inspiration for the Californian in Anne Ryan's charming essay on "San Bernardino" in the current issue of The Commonweal. The account of the altars, the statues, the paintings and the windows of the tiny mediaeval church reads like a poem. A second reading of the essay gives one the impression of a flight into another world; there is a lilt to it redolent of the spirit of Saint Francis.

I recall representations in our missions of many of the objects described in the convent-church in Petra. Similar vivid splashes of color characterize our missions. Crimson and gold, startlingly vitalizing greens and blues, all are found here. In some missions the statues are dressed in real cloth garments, a typical custom of the first parishioners. It seems bizarre and quite unorthodox to modern Catholics who are gradually being educated to proper liturgical demands as these bear on church furnishings. Yet to me this lingering remnant of old Spanish piety is an expression of that fine Catholic soul which cultured early California. As such it is poignantly beautiful. A certain wistfulness emanates from the grandeur which was once the property of mission statuary and now envelops these same missions in an aura of romance and dignity.

One catches this feeling when he prays for a length of time before the ornate high altar of San Luis Rey, or at the almost cheerfully modern San Juan Bautista, or even at Santa Barbara where a definite note of modernity is struck in church ornamentation. However the monks there, wise with the wisdom of their order, artfully mingle the old with the new. Though strengthened and touched up, the original plans and lines remain. Incidentally the chant here is superb.

Taken all together, our missions are a priceless heritage to Catholic art, one that few people fully realize and completely appreciate. However, they must be seen and known before they can be loved. They are California's real life, these dead missions, a sad yet glorious relic of a Catholic California.

Christine Gazvoda.

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REPENTANT WASHINGTON

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Washington, from being the dullest and least thoughtful community in the federation, has become the most interesting of them all since the election.

Immediately after that landslide (which was in fact a bloodless revolution) official Washington was a hotbed of resentment against the "ingratitude" displayed therein against "poor Mr. Hoover." Official Washington's feelings were hurt. Comment on "the mob" and "the rabble" about to come into power on March 4 was bitter. The Republican "renegades" who had gone over to "the rabble" were not fit for decent intercourse.

That has changed. Official Washington has discovered that there is no lack of brains in the Democratic party. It has been discovered that about all there is left of traditional American culture is in the Democratic party. It has been realized that, whether it is conscious of it or not, "the rabble" has a quite definite cause, and that when intelligence and "culture" separate themselves from the people there is no longer any excuse for their survival as an aristocracy.

And the most striking thing of all is that official Washington is openly examining its conscience; admitting the "mess" it is handing over to its successors in office; debating in private conversation the relative value of ways and means of pulling the country out of it; confessing that for three administrations they have been utterly blind to the meaning of the facts with which they were dealing as government.

Of course that should have come a year ago at least, but of course it could not. It needed an earthquake. It is something that the cause of the earthquake is filtering into men's consciousness. That, too, is a revolution.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

AN APPEAL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Even in the most ancient times leprosy—hideous and mysterious—inspired all men with a certain horror. The dread thought of it blanches every cheek even today. Over the gate of a leper hospital would have to be written the words of Dante at the entrance to his hell, "Abandon hope, all ye that enter here," were it not for the consolation of religion and the material assistance which is rendered these poor unfortunates by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Many of the world's lepers are being cared for by holy self-sacrificing missionary priests and nuns in colonies under Catholic administration. No solace reaches the hearts of these poor lepers except that which these chosen servants of Christ bring to them. Great gladness comes to the hearts of the priests and nuns at Christmas time when their poor charges are made happy by the charity of Catholics at home.

Annually at this time the Society for the Propagation of the Faith makes an appeal for the leper colonies. This year there is indeed real need at home. Yet even the poor feel less the pinch of their poverty when they share with those who are in even greater need than themselves. Surely those who read this may be moved to send a mite to the "human derelicts" who will repay the donors by holy prayers.

Offerings for the Lepers' Christmas Fund may be sent to your Diocesan Director of the Society (in every diocese) or to

RT. REV. WILLIAM QUINN, P.A., *National Director,*
The Society for the Propagation of the Faith,
109 East 38th Street, New York, N. Y.

BOOKS

Constructive Dark Ages

The Making of Europe: An Introduction to the History of European Unity, by Christopher Dawson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

EUROPE as here understood is the Europe that came into being in the period known as the dark ages, the period in which Europe attained the only real and substantial unity it ever knew. The author calls the dark ages a creative period, in fact the most creative period of all. European civilization with all it connotes for human progress and happiness was born in that period. If this civilization is to survive, it must be kept alive by the development of a European consciousness of its historic and organic unity. Such is the thought and the thesis of the book. A project sketched on such sweeping lines necessarily includes, not only a statement of the main facts in the history of the process by which Europe became one culturally and socially, but also a philosophical analysis of the forces behind the facts and which brought them into one harmonious and coherent whole. The work is, therefore, at the same time a history and a philosophy of history. Such a method of approach to an historical discussion is not rare at the present time, and in consequence the author has felt it incumbent on him to advert in the Introduction to the insufficiency of historiographical technique in the writings of many modern writers who have subordinated the past to the present in the interest of their own evanescent theories of life and the world.

Many elements, in the opinion of Mr. Dawson, contributed in the middle ages to the evolution of a unified European civilization. These elements are analyzed and discussed in several separate chapters. They were the Roman State, the Catholic Church, the classical tradition, the barbarians, the barbarian invasions and the fall of the Empire of the West. The process of fusing and amalgamating these elements was the result of pressure from within and without, but in the last analysis the force which supplied the bond of unity was Catholicism not only in thought but in action. The external pressure came from the East, because while Europe was tottering under the blows of barbarian invasion and ignorance, the East was gaining fresh ascendancy through the rise of Byzantine culture, the revolt of the subject nationalities, the rise and expansion of the Moslem power, and the revival of the Eastern Empire. This rebirth of Oriental forces, which forms the subject of the second part of the book, had a repercussion in the West, which is summed up in the third section, as revealed in the conversion of the barbarians, the restoration of the Western Empire, the Carolingian Renaissance, the evangelization of the North, and the resulting mediaeval unity.

Each chapter in the book is a condensed philosophical survey of an important historical movement which profoundly influenced the course of civilization. Each chapter might stand alone, but taken in connection with the others it serves to round out a majestic picture of the slow development of a new order.

A survey of such magnitude, embracing a description and analysis of the cross currents in the social, political and intellectual life of Europe from the decline of the Roman State to the rise of a distinctively European and Christian civilization in the eleventh century called for speculative insight and reserve as well as thorough objectivity in thought and presentation. That Mr. Dawson strove successfully for both qualities is obvious on every page; that his views will not meet with universal approval in an age so completely dominated by nationalistic partizanship

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as ours is, will be equally clear. In any case his book marks a complete break with many historical conventions and traditions. He has striven to write history from the Catholic standpoint and to depict events and forces which have contributed to the welfare of mankind at large rather than to the pride and glory of any race or nation. He is singularly free from insularity or prejudice, and while unstinting in his praise of the culture which, by transcending national boundaries, made Europe one spiritually and culturally, he is not blind to the fact that a world-wide synthesis may yet be achieved and made richer by the contributions of nations outside the European circle.

The change which Europe underwent in the period under discussion was internal and organic and not marked by brilliant events such as other epochs have to offer. The author does not seek for the dramatic or the extraordinary, but seeks rather to penetrate the thought and purposes of the leaders of the time, with the aim of showing how these thoughts ultimately clothed themselves in institutional forms and life. He does not present a complete picture of the period over which his vision ranged. He is content to act as interpreter of its significant features and to point out what was accomplished toward the enrichment of human life. The broadness and sweep of his vision may, perhaps, account for the fact that at times details are somewhat blurred, as when he refers to the Flavian as a second-century dynasty, or when he excludes the social element from the monasticism of Egypt. These and other slight faults do not impair the sanity of his verdicts on matters of a general nature, as, for instance, his severe but well-balanced estimate of the life and character of Charlemagne. He traverses much ground that was carefully and sedulously explored by Acton and with strikingly similar results, but there is a significant absence of any reference to the work or the conclusions of Acton. The author's point of view and his historical and philosophical prepossessions are never kept in the background, but they are never obtruded in a manner to bring on him the reproach of tendentiousness or the accusation of propagandism. The work is one of the real contributions to historical literature in recent years and ought to do much to reinstate history to its position as guide to life.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

A Critical View of Gaul

Our Genial Enemy, France, by Edwin D. Schoonmaker. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $2.50.

THE CENTRAL aim of this book is to set before American eyes the picture of France as an imperialistic world power, armed with steel and gold, bestriding Europe and much of the rest of the world, as against the popular American "myth" of an idealistic sister republic wedded to principles of liberty. Mr. Schoonmaker professes a high admiration for French civilization, and his book has nothing of the character of a nationalist diatribe; but it does suggest that French national policy promises little good for the peace of the world.

He takes France to task for endangering the general world security with what he regards as the vain pursuit of her own security through armaments; and his analysis of French policy at Geneva, Berlin, London and Washington, in Africa and the Far East, exposes a coldly selfish pursuit of special French interests. All this is familiar enough and Mr. Schoonmaker does not state the case any better than many others have stated it.

Two strong points, however, his book does possess. It reveals a clear understanding of that underlying continuity in the whole history of French foreign policy: under all her governments, from early Bourbon days to the present, France has ex-

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NEXT WEEK

WHY KILL FOREIGN TRADE? by Pierre Crabitès, is a startling indictment of the United States Department of Commerce abroad. This great bureau that has had a growth of staggering proportions in the last few years and that was ballyhooed by high-priced publicity men as an agency that was going to work wonders for our foreign commerce, Mr. Crabitès finds from first-hand experience is hurting our trade. Much of its effort duplicates the work of the diplomatic and consular services, causing misunderstanding and friction with foreign customers, and these customers, or potential customers, are further annoyed by the bright young men who, anxious to find something to do, prepare voluminous reports by investigating foreign businesses and asking endless questions. Mr. Crabitès is a judge and American representative on the Mixed Tribunal of Cairo. His revelations are of real importance to our country. . . . WAR DEBTS AND WORLD UNREST, by R. du Chalieu, is a brilliant analysis of the devastating derangement in the world today and the basis necessary for its amelioration. . . . THE FRIEDSAM COLLECTION, by James W. Lane, is a thoroughly competent and urbane description of one of the greatest collections of paintings and *objets d'art* in this country. This article is especially valuable because the collection later will be scattered in various rooms of the Metropolitan Museum and the article is a memorial, and a guide, to the collection as a unit. . . . REAL REVOLUTIONISTS, by Dorothy Day, reports on the rising of the farmers in the United States who are almost ready to take up arms against the financiers whom they conceive to have subjected them to economic tyranny. . . . A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE, by William Franklin Sands, deals with the Catholicising of America and the Americanization of Catholicism.

hibited the imperial impulse for European hegemony and military conquest. So that Mr. Schoonmaker is quite right in picturing contemporary France as the empire in republican dress.

A second merit in the book is the account of some financial aspects of French diplomacy in recent years. It is common knowledge that nowhere in the world are finance and politics so closely allied as in Paris, but probably few persons are very well informed of the amazing financial operations which the French government has executed. Mr. Schoonmaker is convinced that the politico-financial circle in Paris has devised a new instrument in the conduct of foreign relations and that to the use of it may be ascribed a large responsibility for the disorganization of the world's credit structure. In August, 1926, the Bank of France was authorized to issue an unlimited amount of notes for the purchase of foreign currencies and so to plunge into a huge speculation on the exchange with a government guarantee against loss. In the succeeding four years the bank bought 25,500,000,000 francs worth of foreign money and with that sum was able to raid the gold reserves of other powers, timing the withdrawals to political expediency, i.e., using this as a means for gaining political ends. Mr. Schoonmaker insists that "no more pressing responsibility rests upon statesmen today than to meet the situation which this new instrument has brought. For until ways are found to make forever impossible by any nation the use of this weapon of ruin and terror it is folly to expect either national security or world peace."

On the whole, Mr. Schoonmaker's arraignment of French policy is probably just, and there are certainly good grounds for his belief that France lacks the power to defend permanently the tremendous position which she has taken up in the world.

An unduly large section of this book is taken up with a labored and almost juvenile demolition of the popular American idea of France bequeathed from Jefferson's time. Surely few of Mr. Schoonmaker's readers need to be told that Lafayette exceeded the Bourbons in love of liberty, or that France has several times shown scant respect for the Monroe Doctrine, or that the Third Republic has been energetically imperialistic, or that lately harsh things about America have been said in France.

Ross J. S. Hoffman.

To the Altar

Magnificat, by René Bazin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE LATE René Bazin, member of the French Academy, wrote, as all the world knows, charming stories of rural France, in which the life and characteristics of the people have been mirrored with a compelling and tender realism. "Magnificat," the latest of his books to be translated into English, is such a tale, full-flavored with the enchanting essence of Brittany. Although it is a World-War-time Brittany of which M. Bazin has written, yet do the customs and the simplicity of an ancient Brittany, slow to vanish, cast their spell across these pages.

The Maguern family live on the same farm whose soil generations of forefathers have tilled—and loved with a love second only to that in which they have held their God. Indeed, with Jean-Guillaume this devotion to his land, this deep-rooted conviction that at all costs it must be kept active and productive, is so firm that, when called upon to weigh it against the vocation of his oldest son for the priesthood, he has difficulty in making it subservient to his love of God. But his heritage of stanch Breton faith at length triumphs, and it is with resignation and happiness that he witnesses the eventual ordination of

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Gildas, and the passing of the Maguern fields into the hands of a younger, less capable son.

Nor is he the only one whose self and heart at first cry out pitifully on relinquishing that beloved member of the household from service in those broad acres, to service in the broader, far-flung acres of God. For Anna, Jean-Guillaume's niece who makes her home with the Maguerns and who loves Gildas, has her dark hours of unhappiness and rebellion, eventually to be soothed and made gloriously bright by the satisfaction which comes from having given her all, to God. Only the boy's mother, Marie, meets the announcement of his determination to leave home forever with complete serenity and sympathy. She alone understands from the beginning that thus only will Gildas be truly happy.

When viewed purely as a novel, the conclusion of this book would seem to have been reached several chapters before its actual termination, although these last pages, dealing with a young abbé's struggles, spiritual and intellectual, to achieve ordination, are rich in beauty.

Though necessarily a translation, the edition makes no mention of this fact, leaving the translator's identity a mystery, which perhaps is just as well, since there are marks of obvious carelessness in the rendition.

Supplementing those of the abundant, peaceful fields, pictures of the war are here also, for Gildas must go through the worst of that, and much besides, before he can freely answer that call heard long before when, a mere child in the hay-loft, his spirit had welcomed that whispered summons: "You shall be my priest."

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

Mexico

Thunder in Their Veins, by Leone B. Moats. New York: The Century Co. $2.75.

MRS. MOATS'S volume fills a definite gap in our recent literature about Mexico. We have had many books about the neighboring republic in the past few years written from various approaches. There was the impressionistic interpretation such as Beals's "Mexican Maze"; the sociological, Greuning's "Mexico and Its Heritage"; the economic, Stuart Chase's "Mexico"; the aesthetic, Anita Brenner's "Idols behind Altars." But there has been none which offers the view of a cultured woman of cosmopolitan tastes.

Mrs. Moats is frankly an apologist for her class, the international colony in Mexico's capital. One cannot but rejoice to read her vigorous counter-attack on the oversolemn American writers who affect to scorn Mexico's foreign residents. No one who has ever mingled with them can deny that they number many members of broad culture and interests, and that they provide Mexico with a link to international ideas and viewpoints, sadly needed at times. Many of them, like the author, can appreciate both the vice-regal painter Cabrera and the very modern Diego Rivera; and they can see the good in both Porfirio Diaz and his antagonist, Alvaro Obregon.

A student of Mexican history will naturally take exception to her often biased views on politics, but he cannot withhold admiration for the anecdotal and colorful manner with which she illustrates them. "The only thing to expect here is the thing you are least expecting," she writes; and after following her account of the thrilling days during the revolutions, one can well agree. This is an admirable companion volume to Edith O'Shaughnessy's "Intimate Pages of Mexican History."

FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

IDAHO'S APOSTOLIC BISHOP MAKES TOUCHING PLEA TO SAVE HISTORIC INDIAN MISSION

Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho Threatened with Closing Because of Lack of Support

Most Reverend Edward J. Kelly, D.D., Bishop of Boise, Idaho, writes: "In the name of one hundred and thirty children of the Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho; in the name of the two Jesuit Fathers and of the fourteen Sisters of Charity of Providence, who are devoting their lives to the spiritual and temporal care of these children, I appeal to you this Christmas-time.

"Who are these little children, trooping up to you with eager countenance and a glow of innocent trust in their eyes? They are the children of the Coeur d'Alene Indians of Idaho and the Colville Indians of Washington. So you can see, we are striving to take care not only of our little Coeur d'Alene children, but likewise of about sixty-five Colville children from the diocese of Spokane. *What a heart-rending tragedy, if for lack of necessary support, I* must consent to the priests and Sisters sending them away this winter-time because they have not the means of caring for them.

"Weighed down by these heavy difficulties, the Fathers and the Sisters were reluctantly about to give up. But I have prevailed upon them to hold on, in the hope, nay in the certainty, that the great-hearted members of the Marquette League and friends of the Indian missions will help me in the full measure that they can afford.

"We know that this is a bad year for begging, but even the worst year has its Christmas, at which time all Christian hearts are attuned to the touching scene and the appealing gesture of a God become a Child stretching out His tiny Hands to receive our alms. This Christmas the little children of DeSmet Mission with outstretched hands are calling to you."

We want to send Bishop Kelly, if possible, at least $6,000 to furnish the bare necessities of fuel to keep out the winter's cold and food to nourish the bodies of the little children at DeSmet Mission.

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A Noted Amateur

The Penns of Pennsylvania and England, by Arthur Pound. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Pound's history of the Penn family has come to be a best seller, it is not, like so many books of this class, smart play at history and biography. Behind its sprightly narrative there is more scholarship than is usual in a "best seller" of this kind. What sources and secondary works Mr. Pound read, he read with insight. Few of the old illusions about Cromwellian integrity and Stuart perfidy are to be found in his pages. In those troubled times the first of the Penns to achieve prominence, the admiral, Sir William, laid the foundations of the fortune which his son, the Quaker, was to pour into his "Holy Experiment," Pennsylvania. The elder Penn had known precisely when to turn his political coat in order to conserve his gains under the restored Stuarts, and the younger was not without a modicum of the political sagacity necessary to weather with some success the days of the "Glorious Revolution."

William Penn on the whole fares well enough at the point of Mr. Pound's lively pen. His learning is put down as immense without being profound and his writings are likened to "a sea of words" in which few "pearls" can be discovered. His fame is "geographical"; indeed, advises Mr. Pound, young authors should "get themselves a province somewhere if they wish to be immortal." Penn, moreover, "was one of history's most noted amateurs . . . ready to tackle any worthy work as long as he did not have to train for it." This amateur disposition of his perhaps was the "taproot of his conversion to Quakerism . . . the least professional religion available."

Certainly, Penn's amateur character could well have been extended to explain the incompetent management of his estates, his utter inability to adjust outgo to income, his failure to appraise men. When in 1699 Penn went about his rich province of Pennsylvania in "his kingly way," he was as yet "rather obtusely unaware that it was as good as mortgaged to the Fords," his fellow Quakers. That there could be Penns in Pennsylvania and in England after William's death in 1718 was due entirely to the foresight and executive ability of his second wife, Hannah. To the later Penns Mr. Pound devotes three chapters, some forty pages, and they deserve no more consideration. For the edification of local antiquarians there is appended a detailed genealogical table.

FRANCIS J. TSCHAN.

A Mediaeval Masterpiece

The Pearl; text edited by members of the Chaucer Course in Bowdoin College. Boston: Bruce Humphries. $1.50.

The Pearl; translated, with an introduction, by Stanley Perkins Chase. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THE AUTHOR of "The Pearl," if his position in heaven permits him to take note of such matters, must be astonished to discern the interest being taken in his poem. Books, articles and editions follow one another rapidly. Professor Chase, of Bowdoin, gave his students the task of preparing a readable Middle English text of the poem. They toiled admirably, and have produced a version as nearly free of obstacles to the modern reader as could be desired. The text, the notes and the glossary are alike very well done, and one hopes there will be more of such classroom experiments. They must be at least as interesting as further disquisitions on the short story. Bowdoin was also fortunate in persuading Mr. Humphries to provide a neat and attractive format.

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Professor Chase's translation is prefaced with a judicious and enlightening introduction, in which he comes out for Sister Madeleva's interpretation with some reservations. This summary of "Pearl" commentary will not take the place of the learned treatises available, but there is after all not much of importance in them which Professor Chase has not used. His version is clear, accurate and sometimes charming. But he is unfortunately not a poet. If he were he would not turn

"Me thynk thy tale unresounable"

into

"Unreasonable thine argument,"

just because rimes are hard to find. And so forth. But in spite of that his edition seems to possess advantages which can be claimed for no other translation.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Charming

Invitation to the Waltz, by Rosamond Lehmann. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

"INVITATION to the Waltz" is a charming little book. You can read it through in an evening, undergo the hopes and fears of early youth, laugh a little at the simplicity of its heroine—seeing perhaps something of your own unsophisticated self of other years—and retire with a smile upon your lips.

Olivia Curtis is just seventeen. She and her lovely elder sister Kate have been invited to a dance which is being given by a very important family in Little Compton for the coming out of their daughter Marigold. It is Olivia's first grown-up affair. The preparations for the dance are given in great detail. Olivia's birthday present of red silk is made into a dress for the occasion, but the result is none too successful. There is also the difficulty of acquiring a young man to escort them. But at last, the evening is upon them.

The greater part of the book is devoted to the dance. There is a very miscellaneous group from the sophisticated Londoners and the scornfully intellectual poet to the young rowdies of the neighborhood. Olivia has an opportunity to observe them all. She is cornered by the poet who bewilders her with his philosophy of life until she realizes that he is simply unhappy, out of place in this big house. Then she becomes maternal and sends him home. The young and conceited dandy from London dances with her and she is annoyed to find that he thinks she is impressed by him until she understands from his conversation that her brilliant cousin Etty is making him suffer. There is the old gentleman who bores her, but for whom she is sorry, and the young blind man in love with Marigold, the clever and knowing young daughter of the house. Finally there is Archie. She had recognized him as the object of her adoration years ago at a children's party. And now she is thrilled to meet him again, but he doesn't remember and when their dance arrives he is drunk. This disillusionment hurts, but Rollo, Marigold's older brother, comes along and takes her to see his father. After talking with them and seeing their quiet affection for each other she feels restored to normal. Soon it is time to go home, so she and the rather dull young man who accompanied them look for Kate, who is in her seventh heaven because the young man she has long admired has been more than attentive and has asked her to the Hunt Ball. And the evening is over.

"Invitation to the Waltz" is delicate, subtle and appealing.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

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Briefer Mention

Amid These Storms, by Winston S. Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THIS book contains a collection of short sketches of life before, during and after the World War, mainly the personal adventures of the versatile author, who himself played a great part in the defense of his country during those stirring times. He gives a picture of the former splendor of Germany and compares it with the misery of the present day. His adventures while in the trenches were not during the most exciting days of the war, but clearly showed that one could die while things were even at their slowest. The clear and simple picture of the Tiger of France while visiting the front, during the last push of the Germans, makes the reader feel he is standing by the side of that great man as he walks along a few hundred yards behind that thin line which is holding the might of Germany at bay. And one is made to understand the action of Ludendorff in trying to win by sheer weight of force. There is lucid treatment of ideas and undertakings, on which depend the peace and management of the world. And the chapters on hobbies—including the author's hobby of painting—show the necessity of having a safety valve to take away the strain of the day's work.

Religion in Various Cultures, by Horace L. Friess and Herbert W. Schneider. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.00.

TWO COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY professors have attempted to provide an illustrated text-book for "scientific" students of comparative religion. Like all other ventures of this sort, the volume is uneven and overloaded with material. The bibliographies gathered at the close would require for their digestion a lifetime of study, and are nevertheless incomplete in several important ways. Sometimes the text is good, and one may commend in particular the treatment of Buddhism. The treatment of Catholicism is not biased, is indeed animated by a sincere desire to be fair, and yet reveals the inability of the writers to understand. Thus, for example, Döllinger is incorrectly associated with Loisy; Newman is mistakenly paired with Rosmini; and there is no reference whatever to contemporary Catholic theology. In the present reviewer's opinion, the book as a whole is marred by the false emphasis which falls, unavoidably no doubt, upon details. It would be far better to write less and make a more coherent and dependable treatise.

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